

The Constellation.

"VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE AND PLEASED WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULGED."

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THE CONSTELLATION.

SERENADE.

From the Welsh.

Wilt thou not waken, Bride of May,
While flowers are fresh and the sweet bells chime?
Listen, and learn from my melody,
How all Life's Pilot-boats sail'd one day,
A match with Time.

Love sat on a lotus leaf afloat,
And saw old Time with his loaded boat:
Slowly he cross'd Life's narrow tide,
While Love sat clapping his wings and cried,
Who will pass Time?

Patience came first, but soon was gone,
With helm and sail to help Time on;
Care and Grief could not lend an oar,
And Prudence said (while he stayed on shore)—
I wait for Time.

Hope fill'd with flow'rs her cork-tree bark,
And lighted her helm with a glow-worm spark;
Then Love, when he saw her bark fly fast,
Said, "Linger! Time will soon be past!
Hope outspeeds Time!"

Wit went nearest old Time to pass,
With his diamond oar and his boat of glass;
A feathery dart from his store he drew,
And shouted while far and swift it flew—
Oh Mirth kills Time!

But Time sent the feathery arrows back,
Hope's boat of amaranth miss'd its track,
Then Love had his butterfly pilots move,
And laughing said, "they shall see how Love
Can conquer Time!"

His gossamer sails he spread with speed,
But Time has wings when Time has need;
Swiftly he cross'd Life's sparkling tide
And only Memory stay'd to chide
Unquitting Time.

Waken and listen then, Bride of May!
Listen and heed thy Minstrel's rhyme—
Still for thee some bright hours stay,
For 'twas a hand like thine they say,
Gave wings to Time.

FINE ARTS.

"The English annual, 'FRIENDSHIP'S OFFERING,' is now before us, and we perceive that it has 'joined fortunes' with the 'WINTER'S WREATH,' hitherto a separate publication. This volume has twelve illustrations; but we must condemn the *nouvelle* practice of crowding subjects that require amplitude into the necessary small space which an annual can afford;—we refer to the 'Entry into Jerusalem'—the subject in a large plate, and on its proper scale, is grand; but here the effect is altogether lost, and out of character. 'Corfu' is a pleasing sketch. The principal head in the plate, entitled 'Affection,' is exceedingly well executed. In the 'Female Pirates,' the back and tresses of the prominent figure are very beautiful. The martial costume of 'The Highland Huntsman,' with the plumed 'bonnet,' shews every inch a 'laird.' 'The Miniature' possesses a remarkably good likeness of the 'fair syren' of the Park Theatre, Miss Hughes. Whether the portrait is intentional or otherwise we are not aware, but the engraver, Mr. Shenton, has been particularly happy in his subject. The hair and veil are very tastefully arranged, and the eyes 'bright as celestial gems'—the nose and mouth are very beautiful; the right hand and arm gracefully support the head, while in the left is a 'miniature' of 'happy man—and to be envied!' This plate is de-

cidedly one of Mr. Shenton's best; he has had full scope for his ability, and has gracefully rendered the homage of genius to his fair subject with the skill of an *artiste et un cavalier*.

Mrs. Norton, Miss Mitford, Mrs. Howitt, Mr. Macaulay, J. B. Fraser, Allan Cunningham, Derwent Conway, and a host of literary names, have contributed to render this an interesting volume. F.D.

NOTES OF A BOOKWORM.

SINGULAR MARKS OF FRIENDSHIP.—Mirabeau had a *valet*, whose name was Teuch. Teuch's personal services lasted a long time; for Mirabeau was very *recherche* in his toilet; and, moreover, sometimes amused himself with kicking and thumping Teuch, who considered these rough caresses as marks of friendship. When, from occupation or some other cause, several days elapsed without any such tokens being given, poor Teuch was very sad, and his service seemed to weigh heavily upon him. 'What is the matter Teuch?' said his master one day, 'you look very melancholy.' 'Monsieur le Comte neglects me quite.' 'How do you mean?' said Mirabeau. 'Monsieur has not taken any notice of me this week past.' 'Thus it was really a necessary act of humanity to give him now and then a blow in the stomach; and if he were knocked down, he laughed heartily and was quite delighted.'—*Dumont's Mirabeau*.

NATIONAL SALUTATIONS.—The expressions used by various nations in token of friendly greetings bear reference to the object they most esteem, and bespeak their habits or general tone of feeling. The Greek and Roman salutations may be adduced as instances in point, so may the English, French and Italian; nor can we forget the tranquility and repose implied in the Oriental word "*salaam*." To these and other characteristic expressions, may be added the Dutchman's "How do you navigate?" Ever on the water or in the water, the ideas of this amphibious people are inseparably connected with the element which they have subjected; and the words, which I have translated literally, inappropriate in any other mouth, are aptly addressed by the Hollander to his aquatic brother.—*Elliot's Letters from the North of Europe*.

FASHION.—What could exhibit a more fantastical appearance than an English beau of the fourteenth century? He wore long pointed shoes, fastened to his knees by gold or silver chains; hose of one color on the one leg, and another color on the other: short breeches, which did reach to the middle of his thighs—a coat, the one half white, the other half black or blue; a long beard, a silk hood, buttoned under his chin, embroidered with grotesque figures of animals, dancing men, &c. and sometimes ornamented with gold and precious stones. This dress was the height of the mode in the reign of King Edward III.—*Hicory's Hist. England*.

OH NEVER MORE.

Never, Oh never more! shall I behold
Thy form so fair,
Nor loosen from thy braids, the rippling gold
Of thy long hair.
Never, Oh never more! shall I be blest
By thy voice low,
Or kiss, while thou art sleeping on my breast,
Thy marble brow.
Never, Oh never more shall I inhale
Thy fragrant sighs,
Or gaze with fainting soul upon the veil
Of thy blue eyes.
Never, Oh never more! Miss F. Kemble.

PAUSIAS.—He was the most distinguished painter of flower-pieces among the Romans, and he became a proficient in his art in a singular manner. He was enamoured of a flower girl of great beauty, named Glycera. This girl had a most elegant method of dressing her chaplets, in order to attract the attention of her customers. Pausias, to ingratiate himself with the fair chaplet-weaver, exercised himself in painting the various garlands, that she made. It was, however, Glycera's caprice to vary her chaplets every day. This was to exercise the patience of her lover. It afforded much amusement, says Pliny, to remark the skill of the painter, and the natural chaplets of Glycera striving for superiority. At length Pausias became such a proficient in this department of painting, that

he composed a picture of his mistress weaving a chaplet, which was of such excellence, that Lucullus gave Dionysius of Athens two talents for a copy of it.—*Plin. Nat. Hist. and Rapin's Heritorum*.

CHARLES I.—The best and most undoubted specimen of the mental powers of Charles I. is his conference with Henderson.—*Walpolina XLIX*.

GREEN TEA.—One instance of what it can do was afforded by the late Dr. Shaw, of the Museum, who solely for the sake of experiment, practised drinking it till he had lost the use of one of his arms. This I heard from himself, and he concluded the recital very gravely, by saying, "And then Madam, when I had carried the experiment thus far, I discontinued it, and recovered the use of my arm."—*Miss Haekins' Memoirs*.

A MORNING IN SPAIN.

Wake, while the mists on blue sierras sleeping,
Like crowns of glory in the distance lie;
When gently from the south, o'er blossoms sweeping,
The gale bears music through the sunny sky;
While fount and garden, olive grove and stream,
Wear the calm beauty of an Eden dream.

Wake, while untutored thoughts in freshness springing,
Bid the heart leap within its prison cell;
While birds and brooks on the pure air are flinging
The mellow chant of their beguiling spell;
While earliest winds their anthem have begun,
And incense-laden, their sweet journey run.

Then, Psalter and Harp! a tone awaken
Where the echoing bosom shall reply,
As Earth's rich scenes, by shadowy night forsaken,
Unfold their beauty to the filling eye;
When, like the restless breeze, or wild-bird's lay,
Pure thoughts, on dove-like pinions, float away.

Wake thou, too, man! when from refreshing slumber
On thy luxurious couch thou dost arise,
Thanks for life's golden gifts—a countless number—
Calm dreams, and soaring hopes, and summer skies:
Wake! let thy heart's fine chords be touch'd in praise,
While the free sunbeams tremble in thy ways!

WILLIS G. CLARK.

BRON.—He had the powers of copious and rich fiction, but it wanted one essential part of the fiction which is requisite to the highest poetry—it was not cast in the mould of truth. All the characters of his creation partook of the defects of his own mental and moral composition. They are beings of violence; of extravagant and partial endowment; of scorn at moral ties; of splendid vice; of disdain of the state of existence in which they are moving; of mysterious claims to excellence above their destiny, which exempt them from the common restraints of life, and entitle them to do whatever eccentric and audacious things passion or caprice prompts, without loss of esteem or admiration, as if in revenge for their degradation among creatures of an inferior order.—*Sir E. Brydges on Character, &c. of Byron*.

SIGN MANUAL.—The earliest Royal signature known of this country is that of King Richard II. It occurs once in the Cottonian Library, affixed to a paper which concerns the surrender of Brest. It is *Le Roy R. E.* There is another document remaining among the Records in the Tower, with a similar signature affixed.—*Ellis's Orig. Lett. Hist. of Eng. Hist.*

HUMAN LIFE.

See how beneath the moonbeam's smile,
Yon little billow heaves its breast—
And foams and sparkles for a while,
And, murmuring then subsides to rest.
Thus MAN, the sport of bliss and care,
Rises on Time's eventful sea—
And, having swell'd a moment there,
Sinks into Eternity! T. Moore.

CORVISART.—He had so extensive and intimate a knowledge of pathognomic signs, that he could discover the most hidden disease merely by looking at the countenance. One day seeing the portrait of a person of whom he knew nothing—"That man (said he) must have died of a disease of the heart." The fact was inquired into, and was found to be as Corvisart had declared.

Another time, Bonaparte, wishing to please Corvisart, who was his first physician, offered him a lucra-

tive situation for his brother. "No, Sir," replied Corvisart, frankly declining the favor, "my brother has not capacity sufficient for the duties of that post. I know that he is poor, but—that is my business."—"Pray, gentlemen," exclaimed Napoleon, turning towards his ministers, "are there many of you who would have so acted?"—*M. Pariset, Lit. Gaz. 1821*.

LITERARY IMPROVEMENT.—A letter from a gentleman in Persia mentions the establishment of a lithographic press at Shiraz. A native of that place, named Mirza Ahmed, who was for some time employed as Khooch Nuwees in the government lithographic establishment under Captain Jarvis, is the enterprising individual who has introduced this valuable improvement into Persia. He has already printed a few of the smaller elementary works usually made use of in the schools of that country, and has commenced printing the Koran, the first sheet of which has been forwarded here as a specimen. As a proof of the spirit with which the work is carried on, it is only necessary to say that the sum of 500 tomanas, or about 3,500 rupees has been given to a celebrated Persian writer, who is to furnish the copy, and, we suppose, correct the proof sheets.

Louis Philippe, the King of the French, has recently made several magnificent presents to his daughter, the Queen of the Belgians, on the occasion of her marriage. Many of them are rich specimens of the silk manufactures of Lyons, to which, in consequence of the great stagnation of trade, he some time ago sent a very extensive order. It is much the custom to abuse this Prince for avarice, but we are assured by persons well acquainted with the fact, that there is not, at this moment, a sovereign in Europe, who bestows more in charity, or in the encouragement of art and manufactures than Louis Philippe. Still the character of an avaricious prince is applied to him.—To one of his courtiers, who a short time ago alluded delicately to the public impression of his being an avaricious man, he replied in the words of Louis XII, "I would rather that my subjects should laugh at my avarice than weep at my extravagance!"—*Eng. paper*.

Among the passengers by the Samuel Robertson from London, which arrived on the 27th ult. were the Rev. Dr. Kirkland, late President of Harvard University, and his lady.

One of our contemporaries has the subjoined notice of the manner in which the time of Dr. K. has been passed during his absence from the United States. The learned Dr. Kirkland, formerly President of Harvard College, accompanied by his lady, resided this city from a tour of nearly four years' duration through Europe, part of Africa and Asia Minor. From every account our travellers were highly distinguished by the learned in the various countries they visited. From France and England they passed to Italy—spent several months in that interesting country—visited the classic land of Greece—took shipping for Alexandria in Egypt, and went up the Nile as far as Cairo and the Pyramids. Returning to the sea shore, they took passage to Syria—visited Jerusalem—the Dead Sea—and were in Constantinople when Lord Strangford, by a favour of the Sultan, was permitted to visit the inside of St. Sophia. Probably Dr. Kirkland and his lady are the only Americans who ever saw the inside of that celebrated edifice since the conquest of Stamboul by Mahomet the Second. Our travellers then left the capital of the East—passed through Adrianople—crossed the Balkan, and reached Vienna by travelling up the valley of the Danube. From thence they returned to France and England, and have at length reached in safety their own country, in fine health, good spirits, and with materials sufficient to form a volume of travels the most interesting ever published in this country.

The poem of the Hon. J. Q. Adams, entitled *Demot MacMorrough, or the Conquest of Ireland*, was to be published at Boston on the 3d inst. It is an octavo of 108 pages.—*Amer.*

Fossil remains.—We have the statements annexed under date of Canton, Ohio, Oct. 19th. The second paragraph requires us to be particular in quoting our authority:

Last week, in digging a ditch through a swamp near Massillon, two Tusks of a mammoth were discovered, each upwards of 9 feet long and about 29 inches in circumference. They were broken on getting them out. The enamel on them was perfect, and nearly a quarter of an inch thick. Search is making for further remains of the animal.

On the 4th inst. as some young men were hewing timber for a barn in Granger, Medina county, they found in a solid white oak tree, a Bone 7 inches long and one thick in diameter, imbedded in it 29 feet from the root of the tree!

MISCELLANY.

LIBERTY.

O Liberty! thou plant of fickle birth!
Cradled in storms and nursed upon the wild;
Of in their prime—thy blossoms fall to earth,
Like early violets evanescent and mild;
Which if they miss the gale, when snows are piled,
On peevish April's shy, uncertain hours;
Their blooms, by drenching rains and floods defiled,
Die ere the green leaves thicken in the bowers—
Yielding their fair abodes to more enduring flowers.

Thy tender lineaments are seldom seen;
And, like the meteor, beautiful and brief!
Man just beholds thee in thy dazzling sheen,
And thou art gone, and he is left in grief!
Say, does the monarch find thee? or the chief?
To whom disarmed nations bow the knee?
Thou fallest from their grasp as falls the leaf,
When Autumn winds assail the bending tree—
Scattering its falling robe in fragrances o'er the lea.

Crowds have possessed thee for a little space—
But hast thou been by multitudes adored?
Some have been courteous and unspoiled thy place;
And then have sunk beneath the opiate word.
Must not be virtuous, ere thy smiles afford
Nerve to his arm or counsel to his mind;
Then shall the tyrant sickle at the head,
Like proud Belshazzar, when Heaven's hand designed
The scroll upon the wall—the mystery undimmed!

M. B. S.

INTERVIEW WITH ROBERT BURNS.

It was about the year 1795 that I made a tour to Scotland, with the sole hope of seeing Burns. I was successful. On my arrival at Edinburgh, where I had some literary acquaintance, I obtained a letter of introduction to him. I had always been a great admirer of his genius, and of many traits in his character; and I was aware that he was a person moody, and somewhat difficult to deal with. I was resolved to keep in full consideration the irritability of his position in society. About a mile from his residence, on a bench, under a tree, I passed a figure, which from the engraved portraits of him, I did not doubt was the poet; but I did not venture to address him. On arriving at his humble cottage, Mrs. Burns opened the door; she was the plain sort of humble woman she has been described; she ushered me into a neat apartment, and said that she would send for Burns, who was gone for a walk. One of the children ran for him; he was used to such visits. In about half an hour he came, and my conjecture proved right; he was the person I had seen on the bench by the road side. At first I was not entirely pleased with his countenance; it was not only dark and somewhat coarse and vulgar, but did not look good tempered. I thought it had a sort of capricious jealousy, as if he was half inclined to treat me as an intruder. I resolved to bear it, and try if I could humour him. I let him choose his turn of conversation, but said a few words about the friend whose letter I brought to him. It was now about four in the afternoon of an autumn day. While we talking, Mrs. Burns, as if accustomed to entertain visitors in this way, brought in a bowl of Scotch whiskey, set the table and laid on pipes and tobacco. I accepted this hospitality. I could not help observing the curious glance with which he watched me at the entrance of this signal of homely entertainments. He was satisfied; he filled our glasses; "Here's a health to auld Caledonia!" The fire sparkled in his eye, and mine sympathetically met his. He shook my hand with warmth, and we were friends at once. Then he drank "Erin for ever" and a tear of delight burst from his eye. The fountain of his mind and his heart now opened at once, and flowed with abundant force till almost midnight. He had amazing acuteness of intellect, as well as glow of sentiment. I do not deny that he said some absurd things, and very coarse ones, and that his knowledge was very irregular, and sometimes too presumptuous, and that he did not endure contradiction with sufficient patience. His pride, and perhaps vanity, was even morbid. I carefully avoided topics in which he did not take an active part. Of literary gossip he knew nothing, and therefore I kept aloof from it; in the technical part of literature his opinions were crude and uninformed; but whenever he spoke of a great writer whom he had read, his taste was generally sound. To a few minor writers he gave more credit than they deserved. His great beauty was his manly strength, and his energy and elevation of thought and feeling. He had always a full mind, and all flowed from a genuine spring. I never conversed with a man who appeared more impressed with the beauties of nature; and visions of female beauty seemed to transport him. He did not merely appear to be a poet at casual intervals; but every moment a poetical enthusiasm seemed to beat in his veins, and lived he all his days, the inward, it not the outward life of a poet. I thought I perceived in Burns' check the symptoms of an energy which had been pushed too far; and he had this feeling himself. Every now and then he spoke of the grave as soon about to close over him. His dark eye had at first a character of sternness; but as he became warmed, though this did not entirely melt away, it was mingled with changes of extreme softness.—*Metrop.*

SHAKING HANDS.—A Belgian journal furnishes the following anecdote:—"The Duke of Orleans, in making an inspection of one of the hospitals of Paris,

recognized in one of the wards a soldier who had greatly distinguished himself in Napoleon's campaigns. "My brave fellow," said his Royal Highness, approaching and taking him by the hand, "I hope to hear shortly of your recovery. The country cannot spare the services of ——" "My Lord," interrupted the veteran, "when I was at Jaffa, sick of the plague, the Emperor condescended to take me by the hand; but he did not wear gloves."

LE BOSSU.

We make one extract from this, the first of the *Tales of Glauber-Spa*.

"The Lady Blanche was still in the secure asylum of the Abbey of St. Genevieve. Here, in safety, and in tranquil devotion, she might have worn out life, had that fire never been kindled in her bosom which, once lighted, cannot be extinguished without making a waste and ruin of the tenderest affections. Heavily as her forebodings weighed on her heart, she could no more envy the calm safe sisters of the monastery, than the living, feeling, throbbing form can envy the mute cold statue. The storm might sweep away her last hope, but who that dwells in the land of blossoms, fruits, and *lucerne*, will exchange with the natives of the safe and frigid north? Even so thought Blanche, while every day was bringing some agitating rumour from the scene of conflict. By the latest accounts the hostile forces were not far from the valley-lands, overlooked by the abbey. The emperor was at the head of his army, and at the approach of the great sovereign, Pepin's forces were actually diminishing—Still he kept the field, without any apparent abatement of activity.

Affairs were in this position when, at an early hour of the morning, the repose of the abbey was disturbed by a rumour of the near approach of the hostile armies. The abbess, with her nuns, according to the letter of her duty, hastened to mingle with her matin prayers, petitions for the downfall of rebellion. Blanche, with her faithful Ermen, stole to a tower of the abbey, where she was destined to endure what a martyr might suffer at the stake, who had a threefold portion of life and sense in every nerve.

The valley, or glen, if it might so be called, broken as it was at intervals into ridges and abrupt descents, was encompassed by hills, and intersected by a narrow, deep, and impetuous stream, with precipitous and impracticable banks, which were connected by a single plank-bridge thrown across the stream, where it dashed over a ledge of rocks. At the eastern extremity of the valley, on a declivity, stood the abbey, overlooking the domain, attached to it—its garden, farms, and the whitewashed cottages of its artisans which were clustered together at the extreme opposite, under the shadow of the hills that appeared there to wall in the valley, and were only separated where the bold little stream had forced its passage. The peace of ages was, for the first, to be broken in this sylvan scene, where even now the stillness was so profound that the chirping of the cricket, and the rustling of the fallen autumn-leaf, under the squirrel's feet, might be heard. The trees, save where the firs glittered with dewy webs, were stripped of their summer glory; but, like a youthful face, 'touched, not spoiled' by grief, they looked cheerful in their adversity; glittering dewdrops studding their branches, and the glossy bark brightening in the flush of the rising sun. The stream, that leaped and 'danced to its own wild chime,' was fringed with the last gay flowers of autumn—those bold little heroes that hang out their colours even on the very frontiers of winter. The windings of the stream, far off among the distant hills, were marked by the light warm mist which rose from it, giving a bluish tint to the atmosphere, and nearer, and immediately under Blanche's eye, settled in dense fog, over the coves, or rolled up the mountains in fleecy clouds.

Scarcely had Blanche and Ermen taken their stations in the tower, when the silence was rudely broken by the braying of a war-trumpet that pealed over the valley, waking a thousand echoes among the hills; the tramping of horses followed; and the prince, at the head of his gallant followers, was seen descending rapidly to the valley. His war-cry was shouted and answered by the clamour of the hostile army, that appeared to Blanche like birds of evil omen, darkening the opposite plain. As the prince had the inferior force it was of vital importance to him to command the passage of the bridge; and he gained it by so rapid a movement that Ermen had scarcely time for an exclamation, before he seemed to be disposing his force about it, so as most effectually to repel an attack.

"What means that?" said Blanche, pointing to a standard-bearer. "That surely is the banner of my father's house. A fiery sun emerging from a cloud, on a field of white."

"But, look, my lady, close beside it, at the knight in black armour, with the black plumes. It is your father in shape and bearing, with a little stoop of the shoulders, as if he had some added weight of years; but otherwise the same."

"Ah, Ermen, our fancies cheat us; it is the banner that has conjured up this image in your memory. It is an evil augury, this banner of a fallen house."

"Think not of auguries, my lady, fortune is on the side of the prince. See how gallantly he rides. His white plumes even him with the tallest. Any one may see he was born to rule, though his poor mother did stand on the emperor's left side. Now he salutes his soldiers. Ha! hear their acclamations—God bless him! he had always the hearts of the commons. Heaven and all saints stand by him, I say, be he right or wrong!"

The "amen" did not stick in Blanche's throat, the conscience would have kept it there; and Ermen proceeded: "Beshrew me if I think it handsome in the abbess and her nuns to be throwing their prayers into the scale of the strongest; they ought to stand aside and let 'em have fair play." Whether Ermen meant that Heaven or the abbess should not interpose, it is difficult to say;—an untutored conscience is very docile—she probably had some secret misgivings of the righteousness of the prince's cause, and preferred there should be no appeal to a celestial tribunal.

The manoeuvres of the two armies continued for some time without an assault from either party. The emperor had not yet arrived on the field of battle. Meanwhile the forces on both sides were concentrating at the bridge. The prince had concealed a reserved corps behind a hill in his rear, in order by his seeming weakness to tempt the enemy to the perilous passage of the bridge, where their numbers would rather embarrass than aid them. They perceived the disadvantage at which they must attack, and hesitated to encounter it.

"Ah," said Blanche, "it is a proud sight to see their steeds prancing, their banners and pennons flying, their lances gleaming in the sun, and those gallant knights unblenching before the face of death, if we could forget what they may be before the sun sinks behind yon hills."

"They forget it, my lady, or they would be as very cowards as we women are. I have seen these lordly men who throw down their lives upon the battle-field as if it were but a east of the dice, I have seen them shrink from the twinge of the tooth-ache, and, if death did but peep at them through the curtains of a sick-bed, their hearts would die away within them. But they have a brute's instinct to fight, and when that is roused they forget pain and death, and all that comes after. Truly, I think, after all their boasting and blustering, we women might dispute the palm of courage with them, for we bravely meet and triumph over those natural enemies of our race, pain, and poverty, and death, which Heaven has made it our necessity to encounter; while they, for the most part, are only brave in meeting dangers of their own creation. I marvel they do not begin—they stand there on each side of the bridge, looking like wild beasts, ready to spring the moment the barrier is withdrawn."

Ermen's wonder was scarcely expressed when some of the youngest and most daring of Charles' paladins, unable any longer to brook delay, or endure the defiance and stinging taunts of their antagonists, dashed over the bridge, were encountered, and repelled, or overthrown. Many a daring onset and gallant rescue followed. Suddenly a cloud of dust was seen rising in the distance. The orillamine was descried. The emperor's battle-cry was heard, and at the conquering sound, his soldiers, like a pack of hounds at the voice of their master, rushed upon the bridge. They were met and driven back. Pressed forward by their own column, they became pent within the narrow space. Carnage and horrible confusion ensued—men were slaughtered in masses—horses and riders were overthrown, and when the command for retreat was given, the bridge was piled with trampled, struggling, and dying men. "See, see, my lady," cried Ermen, "my Lord Pepin's men toss those carcasses in the stream as if they were sheep slaughtered for the shambles. No wonder you cover your eyes; it pierces my old heart to see those bodies, that one minute ago were full of life, strength and hope, so broken and dishonoured!"

"God forgive them!" ejaculated Blanche. "But look once again, my lady! See how daringly the knight of the black plume advances, just so my Lord Humold would have done; he passes the bridge! See, with his few followers he dashes on the retreating column.—Ah! they turn on him—now, St. Denis aid him!—there goes the prince to his rescue!"

"Heaven help us," cried Blanche, "he is lost! Oh! what rashness to pass the bridge! Shame on the cowards, now there are myriads against him, how they set on him—he is surrounded!—his retreat utterly cut off! Blanche clasped her hands and fixed her eye in breathless apprehension on that frightful melee. 'Ah me! Ermen, my head is giddy; I can see nothing, look if you can see him!'"

"No, my lady, no."

"Look narrowly, Ermen, do you not see the top of his plume?"

"No, no, indeed!—nothing but glancing lances, and gleaming shields. What can that waving mean? they fall back! Ah, there he is, side by side with the black knight. See, they burst through the close ranks of the enemy—ha! how they trample them down. Mother Mary! how they tread the life out of them—they are already at the bridge—the black plume passes it, but ah! the broken planks fly from beneath his horse's feet. What a horrid gap he has opened for the prince—his steed recoils—his pursuers are on him! Now, Heaven save him from falling with his back to them! their lances almost touch him. Bravo! the leap is made—he is safe!"

"Surely," said Blanche, as her heart heaved from the suffocating pressure that was upon it—"Surely Heaven's shield is before him!"

"And behind him too, I think, my lady; and a lion's heart within him. See how the enemy seem cowering on their side the bridge, like frightened hawks, afraid to stoop to their prey; and cry lord's men, bless them! I see by their bearing, that each one feels as if he had the strength of ten men in his single arm. There comes a messenger to the prince with good or evil tidings."

"Heaven grant them good," replied Blanche, "but I fear, for my lord rides hastily off with him."

"I marvel the brave paladins endure the taunts of the black plume," resumed Ermen. "Hark! how he dares them to follow the example he set them. Ah! there is my lord emperor—his spirit will not brook being thus kept in abeyance. He calls on his guards to shame the loitering cowards, and follow. I doubt if he knows of that yawning abyss. Ah! now he sees it. But it is too late—he cannot turn back—his fiery steed leaps over. A few follow him—rather death than to desert your master! but every foot that touches the bridge widens the gap. Mother of mercy, they fall through—the generous youths—they are crushed on the rocks—horse and rider!"

Shouts rent the air. Ermen's voice might be heard, like the shriek of an owl, mingling with and heightening the clamour.

"Think you, Ermen, the victory is won; that the emperor's mistake is fatal?" demanded Blanche.

"Assuredly, my lady: the emperor sees it himself, but it is too late. See how his brave paladins gather round him. They seem to feel no more than their senseless shields, the blows they receive in his stead. They fall, one after another—the last is gone! He single-handed against a host. What a salvation is a brave spirit! See how he gives them thrust for thrust, and fights as if he were backed by thousands. But, oh," continued Ermen, her interest naturally shifting, as the inequality of the contest became manifest, "it is in vain, as one assailant drops, another takes his place. It is too much! Our noble master, against such odds! The craven wretches, why do they not give him a fair field! Right royally he still defends himself! Ah! he wavers—his shield is tall—his left arm hangs like a dropped branch—he must fall!—see, they press on him. Now God have mercy on him!—Ah! there comes the prince again—how furiously he rides. Must his hand give the finishing stroke? I cannot see that—"

Blanche sunk on her knees. "Merciful Heaven, she cried, 'let him not lift his hand against his father—save him from perdition!'"

"Oh, look up, my lady, once more look up! The prince is striking down the lances of the assailants, and shouting, 'Back, villains, back—touch not his sacred life!'"

Their arms fell as if they were paralyzed, and they recoiled a few paces, leaving a vacant space, where the steeds of father and son met, but to bit. The prince dismounted, threw down his lance and shield, and kneeling in the dust, cried, "My liege—my father, forgive me!"

Ermen broke into a wild hysterical laugh, and turned to her mistress, but her gentle nature was overpowered, and she had sunk down in utter unconsciousness. Neither saw nor knew, till many hours after, what followed. That the tide of fortune had turned in the emperor's favour, and deliverance from the perils that beset him was near at hand, at the moment the interposition of his son saved him from certain death. A detachment from his army had been guided by one of the loyal abbey tenants, to a fordable passage through the stream. They had wound unperceived around the hills, fallen on Pepin's reserved corps, and cut it off completely; and at the moment the prince was surrendering himself to fatal duty, his followers were surprised by superior numbers falling on their rear. He could not look on and see his faithful friends falling in a cause he had abandoned; and giving orders that the place where the emperor stood should be considered neutral ground, and sacredly guarded as such, he plunged into the thickest of the fight. Many a long-remembered deed of desperate valour did he achieve; but it was of no avail; long before the day closed, the din of arms had ceased; the prince and the handful of his followers who survived were prisoners, and the victorious army was retiring towards Aix-la-Chapelle."

THE DERVISH AND THE GOLDSMITH.

OR THE PERILOUS EFFECTS OF RICHES.

From the Bengali Annual.

There lived at Bagdad, in the reign of the Khalif Al Haki, (on whom be peace!) a certain goldsmith, named Abu Yusuf, who devoted the fruits of all his labours to the poor, and reserved to himself only what was necessary to maintain life, according to that which is written in the Book, "Eat, but be not profuse, for the profuse God loveth not;" and also, "Unto such of you as give alms shall be a great reward;" and again, in the chapter entitled *al Maun*, it is said, "We be unto those that deny necessities to the needy." Wherefore the goldsmith aforesaid, night and day, and morning and evening, gave the sweat of his brow to the poor, and his name was known in the city for the good works of his hands. And a dervish, whose name was Ibn Teman, (may Allah amend his condition!) heard of the goldsmith, and went one evening to his house. The court was filled with the poor of the city, and, seated around it, they awaited in silence the coming forth of the bestower of bread. The dervish sat down amongst them, and spoke to them of the charitable goldsmith; and all the poor blessed his name and gave him praise.

During all this time the goldsmith worked at his forge, and the sweat of his brow flowed for the needy. When he had finished the labour of the day, he came forth and distributed his alms; to each he gave bread and meat, and a small piece of money; and, seeing the dervish, he said, "Holy man, art thou on a pilgrimage? If it be so, doubtless thou hast need of a morsel, and some repose; come into my house and bless it; and I will wash thy feet, and praise God who hath sent thee hither, that I may do a good work this day."

And the dervish entered, and did eat bread and drink water, and his soul was refreshed; and he spoke to his host, and said, "Surely, thy wealth is great, that thou dost daily entertain the poor, and fillest the hungry."

"Brother," said the goldsmith, "I have none other wealth than the labour of my hands; but I am known to be honest, therefore I have much commerce, and I am thus enabled to succour many of the needy. But it grieves me sometimes, when the poor are so numerous that I cannot give to all. Oh! that I had possessed the wealth of the Khalif, (the mercy of God be upon him!) and then no one in Bagdad should hunger or thirst. Holy man, thou who art beloved of Allah, pray to him that I may become rich, that I may aid all who are in tribulation."

The dervish promised his intercession, and retired; and, the next morning, after performing both kinds of purification, he prostrated himself in the dust, and prayed all day; but Allah answered him not. The next day he again bowed towards Mecca, and remained on his knees, fasting, until evening; but notwithstanding his tears and groans, Allah hid his face from his cry. All night the dervish prayed and wept, and the morning saw him wearied with watching and supplication; but, towards noon, fatigue and the heat of the sun overcame him, and he fell into a deep slumber, and the horror of a thick darkness came upon him. And he dreamed, and he saw in his dream the angel Gabriel descending with a noise as of many waters, and he had an hundred wings, glorious as precious stones. And Gabriel said, "Fellow servant, tempt not God, nor seek what he denies. Why wouldst thou that this goldsmith should be rich? It is known to us, who contemplate the face of Allah, that if he were wealthy, he would do evil; and wilt thou, after this, give thy soul a hostage for his soul? But remember, if thou be surety for him, thou thyself shalt be burnt for him in hell fire."

The dervish, however, had so high an opinion of the holiness of his friend, that he even distrusted the saying of an angel; and he said, "It is written in the second Sura, 'Let pledges be taken,' wherefore I will give my soul as a hostage for the soul of my brother, that he may become rich, and feed the poor out of his abundance."

Hereon the dervish awoke, but Gabriel had vanished; nevertheless he rejoiced in his heart that he had obtained of Heaven for Abu Yusuf that which his soul desired.

That very morning, when the goldsmith opened his shop, and prepared to work at his forge, he was amazed to see piled on the ground fifty ingots of the purest gold. At that moment Eblis tempted him, and he said to himself, "Why should I labour longer? Doubtless mine alms have gone up to the seventh heaven, and Allah hath sent me this gold as a recompense. But I may not remain in Bagdad; my sudden fortune would make me enemies, and I should be forced to divide it between the Caze and the poor. I will go to Cairo, and there I will live in peace and luxury."

That very night Abu Yusuf, having shut up his shop, joined a caravan proceeding to Cairo, where he arrived safely with all his wealth. The sultan was a tributary of the Khalif Al Hapâ; and on hearing of Abu Yusuf's arrival, and beholding the splendour of his house and equipages, summoned him to the palace. Abu Yusuf had many talents, and was an excellent musician and poet; but at Bagdad he wrote not verses, because the Prophet (salutation!) hath said, in the twenty-sixth Sura, that "poets are amongst those on whom the devils descend," nevertheless, as he was now in the hands of Satan, he sung and played, and became as Mejun in the presence of Abdallah Ibn Salam. The Sultan was so much delighted with him that he assigned him an apartment in his palace; and the chief minister dying soon after, Abu Yusuf was appointed vizir. Henceforth he became so puffed up with vanity, that no one dared to approach him but in an attitude of the humblest supplication; he caused his pedigree to be derived from the patriarch Joseph, and declared himself allied to the family of the Prophet, on whom be benedictions! He renounced prayers, reading the Koran, and the purifications; and, instead of giving alms any longer to the poor, he used to assemble them in his court-yard, and, from a window at which he sat drinking the forbidden liquor, amused himself with mocking the blind and commanding the lame to walk.

In the mean time the dervish, though he heard no longer of the alms of Abu Yusuf, was so persuaded of the good fruits that were to spring from his riches, that, when he went into the city, he expected to find that there was not a single poor man left. He was, therefore, dismayed to find the streets even more crowded with beggars than they were wont to be; but he thought this must be the consequence of some sudden scarcity, and he proceeded to the house of Abu Yusuf, sure to find him at his gate, drying the tears of the orphan and causing the widow's heart to sing for joy. He found the doors shut, and saw the court, where so many poor used to sit, overgrown with grass; and, on inquiring of a tailor near, he was told of Abu Yusuf's flight; and that he was rumoured to be at Cairo, where he governed the kingdom. At these words, he wept bitterly, plucked his beard, and threw dust upon his head; for he remembered, that he had rashly become surety for Abu Yusuf before God, and that he must answer for him at the price of his own soul. Nevertheless, he determined to proceed to Cairo, to see the vizir, and tell him the peril in which his own spirit stood for his sake; and this, he imagined, would at once bring Abu Yusuf back to his senses and his religion.

Ibn Temam arrived at Cairo, and made inquiries re-

garding the character of the new vizir. All joined in representing him as a pitiless, proud, and most avaricious man; but they said he might easily be seen, and even spoken to daily, when he left his house to proceed to the palace. The dervish waited at his gate next morning till Abu Yusuf came forth, attended by a hundred guards, armed with battle-axes of silver, and a crowd of domestic officers in glittering apparel. As the vizir passed by, shining in jewelled cloth of gold, the dervish cried with a loud voice, "Light of the understanding of the age, have pity on the poor!" Abu Yusuf knew the dervish at once; but, instead of recognising him, he cried to his officers, "Know ye not what is the portion of the insane?" And the officers raised their staves, and beat the holy man, until he retired from the place. Notwithstanding, he was not yet discouraged; and, during a month, he went every day to the palace, and besought the vizir as before; and every day was he beaten as at first, till, at last, he resolved to return to his place near Bagdad, and leave the fate of his soul to the everlasting mercy of God.

Scarcely had he reached his abode, where he arrived at evening, when, in the midst of his prayer, he was caught up, soul and body, into the seventh heaven, and prostrated before the throne of Allah. And the brightness was so exceeding great, that Ibn Temam could see nothing; but he felt delicious odours spring from the floor of musk, and the rivers of Paradise were flowing like music in his ears. He also caught the odiferous breath of the Tuba tree of happiness, which stands in the midst of the Jannat Al Naim, and he heard the ravishing voice of Israil, the most melodious of all God's creatures, and the songs of the daughters of Paradise, whose hymns were harmonized by the silver bells hanging from the gold and emerald branches, as they swung in the fragrant wind that blows for ever from the throne of God.

Then many thunders uttered their voices, and a murky cloud surrounded the throne like a dark pavilion; and the dervish, when the intolerable splendour was veiled, could distinguish around myriads of angels and archangels; and, far distant, on the flowing confines of heaven, he could descry mighty hosts of flaming geni, who had believed in the Koran, and were the guards of heaven, and he could hear the tread of their innumerable legions. But he was not permitted long to contemplate the awful magnificence of the place; for a voice like the last trumpet came forth from the darkness, tremendous in its very harmony, which said, "Lo! here is he who hath demanded of me riches for the abuse of wealth, and hath caused Paradise to lose a soul; let him be punished, and that suddenly!" In a moment he was surrounded by an enormous chain, a hundred fathoms in length; and two geni, with maces of steel, beat him on the head till his brains were dashed on the pavement; yet, marvellous to tell, he could still speak and think as before.

As he wondered at these things, a host of glorious angels rushed by, singing praises to the Prince of Prophets, and he knew that they were bearing his emerald throne. "O Prophet," cried he, "thou whom I have served faithfully for fifty years, desert me not!" And the Prophet went before the cloud, and besought Allah to pardon the dervish, according as it is written in the 110th Sura, "Celebrate the praise of the Lord, and ask pardon of him; for he is inclined to forgive." And Allah granted mercy unto the dervish; but it was on condition either that Abu Yusuf should be degraded from his rank, stripped of his wealth, and reduced to his former state of poverty; or that his riches should be left him, the dervish engaging for his future pious use of them. But the dervish had seen too much cause to distrust his own judgment to permit his goldsmith to continue wealthy; and, though he lamented the fall of his friend, he besought his degradation, with virtue, rather than rank and riches, with destruction.

In a moment he stood in Bagdad, and saw entering by one of the gates a man in rags, weary, and bearing the marks of severe stripes. The dervish recognised Abu Yusuf, and, meeting him with salutation, gave him his blessing. Abu Yusuf melted into tears of repentance and gratitude, and told the dervish the story of his misfortune. In the very hour in which Ibn Temam made his request, the favourite sultana had formed a party, which accused Abu Yusuf of embezzlement and bribery; he was instantly imprisoned, stripped of all his wealth, beaten, and finally banished from Cairo, mounted ignominiously upon an ass, with his face to the tail. Hungry and athirst, he had arrived in Bagdad, and, having been relieved by a charitable Moslem, he resolved to reopen his shop, and live once more by the sweat of his forehead, and perform alms. He returned to his forge; God sent a blessing on his labours, and the poor were again succoured by the bestower of bread.

THE CALCULATING-MACHINE.

Of all the machines which have been constructed in modern times, the calculating-machine is doubtless the most extraordinary. Pieces of mechanism for performing particular arithmetical operations have been long ago constructed, but these bear no comparison either in ingenuity or in magnitude to the grand design conceived, and nearly executed by Mr. Babbage. Great as the power of mechanism is known to be, yet we venture to say, that many of the most intelligent of our readers will scarcely admit it to be possible that astronomical and navigation tables can be accurately computed by machinery; that the machine can itself correct the errors which it may commit; and that the results of its calculations, when absolutely free from error, can be printed off, without the aid of human hands, or the operation of human intelligence. All

this, however, Mr. Babbage's machine can do; and as I have had the advantage of seeing it actually calculate, and of studying its construction with Mr. Babbage himself, I am able to make the above statement on personal observation. The calculating machine, now constructing under the superintendence of the inventor, has been executed at the expense of the British Government, and is, of course, their property. It consists essentially of two parts, a calculating part, and a printing part, both of which are necessary to the fulfilment of Mr. Babbage's views, for the whole advantage would be lost if the computations made by the machines were copied by human hands and transferred to types by the common process. The greater part of the calculating machine is already constructed, and exhibits workmanship of such extraordinary skill and beauty that nothing approaching to it has been witnessed. In order to execute it, particularly those parts of the apparatus which are dissimilar to any used in ordinary mechanical constructions, tools and machinery of great expense and complexity have been invented and constructed; and in many instances contrivances of singular ingenuity have been resorted to, which cannot fail to prove extensively useful in various branches of the mechanical arts. The drawings of this machinery, which form a large part of the work, and on which all the contrivance has been bestowed, and all the alterations made, cover upwards of 400 square feet of surface, and are executed with extraordinary care and precision. In so complex a piece of mechanism, in which interrupted motions are propagated, simultaneously, along a great variety of trains of mechanism, it might have been supposed that obstructions would arise, or even incompatibilities occur, from the impracticability of foreseeing all the possible combinations of the parts; but this doubt has been entirely removed, by the constant employment of a system of mechanical notation, invented by Mr. Babbage, which places distinctly in view, at every instant, the progress of motion through all the parts of this or any other machine, and by writing down in tables the times required for all the movements, this method renders it easy to avoid all risk of two opposite actions arriving at the same instant at any part of the engine. In the printing part of the machine less progress has been made in the actual execution than in the calculating part. The cause of this is the greater difficulty of its contrivance, not for transferring the computations from the calculating part to the copper or other plate destined to receive it, but for giving to the plate itself that number and variety of movements which the forms adopted, in printed tables, may call for in practice. The practical object of the calculating engine is to compute and print a great variety and extent of astronomical and navigation tables, which could not be done without enormous intellectual and manual labour, and which, even if executed by such labour, could not be calculated with requisite accuracy. Mathematicians, astronomers, and navigators do not require to be informed of the real value of such tables; but it may be proper to state, for the information of others, that seventeen large folio volumes of logarithmic tables alone were calculated at an enormous expense by the French Government, and that the British Government regarded these tables to be of such national value that they proposed to the French Board of Longitude to print an abridgement of them at the joint expense of the two nations, and offered to advance 5000*l.* for that purpose. Besides logarithmic tables, Mr. Babbage's machine will calculate tables of the powers and products of numbers, and all astronomical tables for determining the positions of the sun, moon, and planets; and the same mechanical principles have enabled him to integrate innumerable equations of finite differences, that is, when the equation of differences is given, he can, by setting an engine, produce at the end of a given time, any distant term which may be required, or any succession of terms commencing at a distant point. Besides the cheapness and celerity with which this machine will perform its work, the absolute accuracy of the printed results deserves especial notice. By peculiar contrivances, any small error produced by accidental dust, or by any slight inaccuracy in one of the wheels, is corrected as soon as it is transmitted to the next, and this is done in such a manner as effectually to prevent any accumulation of small errors, from producing an erroneous figure in the result.—*Sir David Brewster's Letter on Natural Magic.*

MR. HOLMAN, the celebrated Blind Traveller.—We have much pleasure in stating that our esteemed friend, this interesting person, has within the last few days returned to his native country, after an absence of more than five years, during which he has circumnavigated the globe, and travelled on the continents of Asia, Africa, America, and Australia, and through the islands of the Mauritius, Ceylon, and Van Diemen's Land. He also visited China, besides the islands of Madeira, Teneriffe, St. Jago, Fernando Po, Ascension, Madagascar, the Ley Sheles, Penang, Singapore, and various other remarkable places. We have cause for gratulation, that under his very peculiar circumstances, and considering the insalubrious nature of many of the countries he has visited, and the hazardous enterprises he has encountered, he should thus have come back in health and safety. When we reflect on the gigantic nature of his undertaking, and the great disadvantages with which he must necessarily have had to contend, we cannot too much express our admiration of the firmness of character, and extraordinary perseverance, which projected and accomplished what few other individuals would have ventured on, although in the full possession of the whole of their faculties. If in the former publications of Mr. Holman's Travels over the greater part of the conti-

nent of Europe, and in Siberia, we met with so many interesting evidences of the acuteness of his observations, clearness of description, and personal adventures, how much additional gratification may we not anticipate from these his more recent and extensive peregrinations! Nothing in literature can be more curious.—*Lit. Gaz.*

PRINCE METTERNICH & HIS FAMILY.

The house of Metternich descends from an ancient Rhenish house of chieftains, who gave three electors to Germany, and were already in the Baronetage, previous to their being elevated to the dignity of Counts of the German Empire, entitled to sit and vote in the German Diet. Formerly there were six branches of this family, five of which are now extinct, only one, the younger, now remaining, viz., the branch of Winnebourg and Beilstein, nominated in 1796 Sovereign Counts of the Empire, but who, like many other German Princes, lost their power on the Rhenish Confederation being formed in 1806. The Austrian Premier, Clemens Wenzel von Metternich, Prince von Metternich, was born May 17, 1773, and from early years trained to the diplomatic career. Ancient and modern languages, history, statistics, public law, the antiquities of Austria, and diplomacy, were the studies to which he devoted his youth. In the negotiations of Rastadt, for establishing a general peace, he was Envoy of the Westphalian Bench of Counts, and signalled himself by his luminous and bold speeches. He was next appointed Envoy at the Court of Dresden in 1801, and at the Court of Berlin in 1804. The Prussian capital was at that time the centre of European politics, and Count Metternich availed himself of the facilities offered, to lay the foundation of the influence he has ever since preserved. During the presence of the Emperor Alexander in Berlin, he brought about an alliance between Austria, Prussia, and Russia, these three Powers uniting for the purpose of combating Napoleon's system of enslaving the Continental nations of Europe. The battle of Austerlitz, and the treaty signed at Vienna by the Prussian Minister, Von Haugwitz, foiled, indeed, the success of his endeavours, and Count Metternich went himself, in 1806, as Envoy to Paris, where he was highly honoured by the French Government. Still, however, when Napoleon continued in his course of covetousness, rapacity, and domineering, Count Metternich resumed, in 1809, his former labours to expel him from Germany, assisted by Count Stadion, who had succeeded Count Colnèze as Minister of Foreign Affairs. Though he did not then obtain the object of his endeavours, yet the exertions of Austria, and the campaign of the Duke of Brunswick, roused the spirit of the Germans, and prepared the success of 1813. On the evening of the battle of Leipzig the Emperor of Austria nominated him Prince, and soon after conferred on him the Austrian escutcheon, to be put in the centre of his own; for the success of that war against Napoleon's despotism was in a great part due to him, who since 1810 had succeeded Count Stadion, and conducted the department of Foreign Affairs. We have no room to specify all the titles, honours, and distinctions conferred by different Sovereigns on this celebrated Minister. We shall only mention that in his great title is merged that of Duke of Portofino, bestowed on him by Ferdinand IV. of Naples, in 1815. His first wife, Countess Flenor Kaulitz, was a grand daughter of the celebrated Minister of the same name, in the time of Frederick the Great, King of Prussia. From her the principality of Austerlitz, which she possessed, devolved on him by inheritance. Among his other very numerous estates is also the Johannisberg, near Frankfort on the Main, known by its excellent wine, as well as by several diplomatic meetings which were held there.—*Anglo-Germanic Advertiser.*

HORSE RACING.

The writer of the following notice is not more accurate in his estimate of the different lights in which racing is to be viewed, than happy in the expression of his sentiments.

"The true sportsman and real lover of the race is anxious for the improvement of the animal, and for carrying his powers of all kinds to the utmost. The result is, to him, valuable only as decisive of the respective qualities of contending animals. He watches the race round the course: considers the indications of power in the animal, of skill in the rider; observes the variety of temper in the eager beast, that devours the ground as it were, and wastes its energies—compared with the steady, even progress, of the one who is waiting his time—or again, with the gay gallop, full of conscious power, of another, swinging away as if sure of the prize and yet careless of it. The race is won and lost a hundred times, to the knowing eye of the judge. He tries the competitors in various parts of the course—now in the heavy, now in the light ground—now up the hill, now into the hollow—now at the corner, and now at the wood-side he has had heaps of delight before the last grand moment of excitement, as they arrive near his stand, increasing in apparent size blazing with colour and foam—when the hoofs begin to sound like approaching thunder, and the jackets and bridles, stirrups and spurs, flash and dazzle like lightning—when the riders make play, and the horse, well aware that his time is come, puts forth all his tremendous energy. This is the moment of concentrated power; horse and rider are one; the Centaur seems to fly; he spurns the ground—the lower animal is all fire, the upper one all dark revolve and determination. With eye on the goal, bridle playing and working, whip springing from hand, cap low on the brow, and silk sleeves whistling in the air,

he seems projected by an unseen gigantic force upon the winning post. Not alone, however, on each side, behind, and far beyond, are rivals bringing up now all their store of stride; some are evidently beginning to flag, and some now, on the contrary make a sudden start, as if they had only that instant resolved to win, and pass the foremost just in time to carry the prize by the neck or perhaps a head, nay sometimes by a nostril only. The sportsman has not done even then. The game is up, it is true, and the crowd seem to consider all at end; they send up a shout of triumph, and disband, and separate and hurry in all directions, like ants in a storm, as if they had been bound in a close compact mass by some magical bonds. But the judge of horses proceeds to examine the racers as they return jockeyless and saddleless, led by the groom and preceded by their rider and perhaps accompanied by their owner, to the weighing-house. Here he remarks their several states; and observe with delight the proud and stately march of some, the neck and easy gait of others—or perhaps has to regret the distressed condition of another, that has been too much pressed; a sign of inferiority he notes and compares with other points of the creature, detecting the cause in the shape or perhaps in a known inferiority of breed. All this is an innocent and not unenlightened source of amusement—far different from the moody recklessness or the brutal triumph of the gambler, with his book, who may be seen rushing here and there, hedging off or hedging on, as it may happen—black in face, in name and heart—animated not by the pure air, the lovely scenery, the brilliant company, the noble exertions of the horse, but the greedy thirst of lucre, the *auri sacra fames*—the base and disgraceful man!—*Spectator*.

THE CONSTELLATION.

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 17, 1832

LETTERS FROM THE WEST.

LETTER IV.

Detroit, Michen, Nov. 17, 1831.

MY DEAR A.—Although this is considered rather late for navigating Lake Erie, I have been induced (from the arrival of a fine steam-vessel, the *Henry Clay*, Capt. Norton, bound up on her last trip) to take a peep at the capital of what is destined to be another most valuable star. The distance from Cleveland to Detroit direct is about 120 miles, but the route on which the boats usually pass, calling at Sandusky City, Ohio, is probably 160. We were 18 hours in performing the voyage, having stopped at Sandusky for a few minutes, but being in the night, I can say little of the city. The harbor appears to be a very good and extensive one, and the town prettily situated fronting the east on a little elevation from the lake. On entering the Detroit river, I was struck with the resemblance between its banks and those of the St. Lawrence; the distance from its mouth to the city is 16 miles—on the right, or British side, are the villages of Amherstburgh at the entrance, and Sandwich 14 miles above. This side is well cultivated, and almost a continuous village, lying on one street, parallel with the river. The houses are generally one story, similar to the Canadian cottages on the St. Lawrence; the banks rise very uniformly a few feet from the level of the river, and the land as far as the eye extends is perfectly level. The American side is not so well cultivated until you come within a few miles of the city, when you meet a level cultivation, extending back a mile or two, and the buildings generally ancient Canadian cottages. The road on the bank is said to be very good. The city of Detroit is handsomely laid out in streets at right angles, and the main or business street is 100 feet wide—the plot is very level—an extensive public square is left about two streets in the rear, and near what is expected to be the centre of the city, at the farther extremity of which is a neat brick building—the capitol. But little of the old French town remains, except a very ancient chapel, which looks as if it had seen more than a century. The buildings now erecting are generally of brick, and very neat structures. Many more would be commenced if workmen could be procured, but there are few to be had at any price.

I cannot leave this promising city without expressing my unexpected pleasure in the beauty of its location, adjacent country, and noble stream, and when we reflect the immense distance to which it is navigable above, who can doubt the destiny of this young giant. (See Gov. Cass's discourse before the Historical Society for valuable facts in relation to this territory.) During the summer, say from 15th May to 15th Nov. a Steam-boat leaves this port daily for Buffalo, and from thence up, touching at the intermediate harbors. Price of passage, \$6 to \$8.

Cleveland, Ohio, 17th Nov.—Just returned from Detroit, having had a very pleasant trip, and will now say a word of this village, which being the point where the Ohio canal enters Lake Erie, is of course the place of deposit for goods and produce bound into the interior of the state or down the lake. The warehouses are situated on low ground at the harbor, which is a very safe one, and has a good light-house. The village is on a considerable elevation, the main

street very wide, and containing some very good bank buildings: it is, however, only in its infancy—much improvement in buildings, &c. may be anticipated in a few years.

Your friend, E.

MATHEWS AND THE DUBLIN PORTER.

In the early days of Mathews, the comedian, Dublin was considered one of the best schools for 'growing' actors, and having made his way to that city, with the assistance of the packet, he landed at the celebrated Pigeon House. With his 'snuff-box portmanteau' under his arm, he was proceeding to a lodging in company with others whose luggage was of a more cumbersome description, when on the road they came up to a man with a horse and cart. On questioning the driver as to the conveyance of their luggage, he answered, putting his hand to his mouth, 'Whist! your honor don't spake so loud.' This following every enquiry, excited the curiosity of the comedian, and desiring an explanation, he demanded if he understood English? 'Arrah, no one better your honor—but whist! don't spake so loud.' 'Nonsense! my good fellow,' said Mathews, 'will you take this luggage or not?' 'Arrah, whist now, your honor, stand the cart.'

Not choosing to trust their property in a vehicle so obtained, they were proceeding onwards, when a tall, strapping Hibernian, *sans ceremonie*, seized upon our hero's portmanteau, and, placing it on his shoulder, demanded, 'where his honor would wish to go?' Mathews mentioned an hotel, and on arriving there, gave the porter a shilling, or as it is there called, a 'thirteenner,' for his trouble. Pat turned over and looked at the shilling twenty different times, first viewing the money and then his employer; at length he exclaimed, 'Arrah, now, is this all I am to have for carrying this murdering big load all this way?—oh! if my mother should see me how much his honor gave me above a thirteenner, arrah, what will I say now?'—'Why, surely,' said the comedian, 'a shilling is sufficient for carrying so light a load so short a distance?' 'Oh, now,' replied Pat, 'I'm sure Mr. Charles Mathews will never turn myself off in that way.'

Surprised to hear his name mentioned in a country where till that instant he had never set foot, Mathews eagerly enquired how he became acquainted with it. Pat assured him that he knew it well, and discovered every unwillingness to depart without further remuneration. 'Well,' said Mathews, 'here is sixpence more, on condition that you will first inform me how you became acquainted with my name?' 'Arrah! now,' said this ingenious porter, 'isn't your name on that little brass plate on the portmanteau there, Mr. Charles Mathews?'

This was undeniable; the porter received a shilling, and our comedian demanded sixpence in exchange, which this Hibernian genius said he would give and procure. 'Stop,' said Mathews, 'you have one in your mouth, I saw it just now?' 'Arrah! now, your honor, do you suppose Pat Kelly would offer a gentleman a sixpence out of his dirty mouth? divil a bit! but I'll run and fetch you one.' Off started Pat, and Mathews, diverted with the ingenuity of the Hibernian, did not think it necessary to wait for his change.

BOYS' AND GIRLS' LIBRARY.—The 2d and 3d numbers of this work have been published by Messrs. Harper. The exertions of these gentlemen appear to increase daily. In the excellent work now before us, we have the '*Sticks Family Robinson*,' being the adventures of a family shipwrecked on their passage to the Sandwich Islands. The information offered to juvenile minds is of the best kind, inculcating Morals, Mechanics, Science, Natural and Botanical History, &c. The whole is written in a very pleasing and easy style, and well merits the patronage of every parent, or teacher intrusted with the education of youth.

THE WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.—A very handsome edition of the Scottish Poet, with his Life by Lockhart, has just been issued from the press of William Pearson. The volume also contains Biographical sketches of Burns, by himself, his brother Gilbert, Prof. Stewart, and others; Dr. Currie's Essay on Scottish Poetry, including the works of the Poet, and a selection of Scottish Songs with remarks by Burns; the whole of his correspondence; an autograph letter addressed to Robt. Ainslie by the poet; and a copious glossary, &c. &c. The volume is beautifully printed, and on a very superior paper, and well merits the patronage of every real lover of Scotia's Bard.

THE DRAMA.

Park Theatre.—On Thursday week Mr. and Miss Kemble reappeared at this house in Milman's tragedy of Fazio. Their reception by a crowded and brilliant audience was highly flattering. Mr. Kemble appeared for the first time in this country in the part of Fazio, and played with that effect which has ren-

dered this character entirely his own. Miss Kemble was all that could be desired in Bianca; she is now accustomed 'to the house,' and her voice is heard to advantage. On Friday the *School for Scandal* was admirably played—Charles Surface, Mr. Kemble; Lady Teazle, Miss Kemble. On Monday, in Mr. Knowles' play of the Hunchback, we experienced a rich treat in the acting of Mr. and Miss K. as Sir Thomas Clifford and Julia. On Tuesday evening Mr. Kemble appeared as Mercutio—Shakspeare's Mercutio—and played the character with admirable spirit. Of Miss Kemble's Juliet we can only repeat, that it was a representation fraught with very high genius.

Italian Opera.—Mercadante's *Elisa e Claudio* was performed on Saturday evening to a fashionable audience. Signora Pedrotti as *Elisa*, was particularly successful in her trio with Marozzi and Montresor; her acting was full of animation, and her mad scene a very extraordinary effort. Otlandi's forte is decidedly *le comique*. To Montresor as *Claudio* we would suggest a little more attention to his acting; a strict observance of every part of the character is requisite to ensure success.

Philadelphia.—At Arch-st. Theatre, Charles Kean and Master Burke have been drawing good houses.

Mr. Horn and Miss Hughes, at the Chesnut-street, have appeared in Massanello, and the attraction by these talented singers has proved very successful.

DOGBERRY'S NOTE BOOK.

NO. III.

HATTON-GARDEN.—A *Reglar Tricker*.—Three stout stable-men were charged with the following extraordinary outrage and assault upon a cabriolet-driver:—

The prosecutor stated that, 'on Saturday night last as he went home to the stables where he was employed, to deliver up the profits of his day's work, the prisoners made a most violent attack upon him, and challenged him to fight—vich I was obligated far to do, for my own protection; and, after a few rounds, your Vurship, they seized right hold on me in the most violent manner, and dragged me to a hos-pond, where they ducked and soused me till I thought it was all up.'

Magistrate.—What was the cause of all this? Witness—I took home 14s., vich was all I earned; but the stable-keepers, thinking as how I had arned more, and tipped 'em the *shorts*, ill-used me in this way.

A voice.—O, he's a *reglar tricker*, your Vurship. Magistrate—I have not the honor to be acquainted with the term. What is its meaning?

A stout personage, who represented himself as foreman over the stable-men—Vy, a cheat, your Vurship; this ere man there goes out with a cab (cabriolet) and if he doesn't bring back 2s. in a sartain given time, they say as how they're *dere*, vich *properly speaking*, means *tricked*, or cheated. Now, I nose he yarned more on Saturday night, and he only brought 14s.; and directly he made his appearance he was told not to henter, or he'd get a licking; but you see, your Vurship, he vould—and so he did.

Mr. Laing asked him if he was at the horse-pond ceremony.

No, I vasn't—but he deserv'd all he got, for all that; and so, knowing him to be a cheat, vy, we ducked him, your Honour—and that's the whole reg. The Magistrate requested to know what sort of a ducking.

Witness (coolly, with his hands in his pockets)—Vy, they dipped his head in only fourteen times, your Vurship—and that's a mere *trifle*!—[A laugh.]

Several other witnesses proved that the prosecutor had misconducted himself; and the Magistrate ordered the prisoners to pay three shillings each, and be discharged.

THAMES POLICE-OFFICE.—*Recriminations Extraordinary*.—Two old women, both of them widows of soldiers killed in the Burmese war, appeared before Mr. Broderip, one charging the other with an assault, during the details of which, the most laughable recriminations arose between them.

The complainant, Mrs. Salmon, described with minuteness the 'bating' she had received from the defendant. Mrs. Foherty did not deny being obliged 'to stand in her own defence,'—and in extenuation said, 'What do you think she says of me, your Vurship?'—she says as how that I kept company with a large baboon in Inger, and that I has two children, the very image of monkeys, when every body knows they are the real production of my husband—rest his soul!

Mrs. Salmon.—You had a couple of black children—you know you had.

Mrs. Foherty.—You lie, you old jade! Didn't you have six husbands?

Mr. Broderip.—Six husbands!

Mrs. Foherty.—Yes, your Vurship; and I am sinking with shame when I tell it. Five of 'em were

black fellows, but they are all dead—she took care of that—and she is now looking out for the seventh. Mrs. Salmon.—Don't believe her, your Honour, she was drummed out of quarters, for—you know what!

Mrs. Foherty.—It's a lie for you to say so, you old broken down black fellow's wife.

Mrs. Salmon.—Arrah, then, I suppose you'll be denying that you went through the regiment—black fellows, drummers, and drum-major.

Mrs. Foherty.—Faith, then, I won't; and 'tis I what's got a good character from the regiment.

Mr. Broderip.—From the regiment!

Mrs. Foherty.—Yes, sir, from the regiment—Colonel and all.

Mrs. Salmon.—What's more, your Honour, mother Foherty says I killed all my husbands by poisoning 'em, and sure they all died of the cholery.

The ladies were disposed to enter into their past lives a little more at length; but their history was stopped, by being required to enter into bail to keep the peace towards each other.

OLD BAILEY.—*Twigg*.—Geo. Stevens, a sweep, was indicted for stealing a sack of soot from Robert Johnson, another of the same fraternity.

The prosecutor stated, that the prisoner and himself had been drinking together in a public-house; when they came out, the prisoner pushed him down and ran away with his sack, which was full of soot. He twigg'd him in the streets a few days afterwards, and had him taken into custody.

Cross-examined by Mr. Charles Phillips.—What do you mean by *twigg*ing him?

Witness.—Why, when any body sees I am locking at 'em, they know I *twigg* 'em.

Mr. Phillips.—And what do you say he robbed you of?

Witness.—All my soot.

Mr. Phillips.—Not all; there's a little on your face now.—[Laughter.]

Witness.—I knows it.

Mr. Phillips.—When you *twigg*ed the prisoner, did not he ask you for 3s. you owed him?

Witness.—Yes, he said I had 'stuck up' 3s. worth of brandy-and-water to him, and that he had been obliged to pay for it.

Mr. Phillips.—Fine times, indeed, when sweeps can *stick up* 3s. worth of brandy-and-water. Pray had you any cigars that evening?

Witness.—No! 'cause I never smokes.

Mr. Phillips.—You did not charge him with this robbery until he asked you for the 3s.

Witness.—No.

The Jury acquitted the prisoner.

GUILDHALL.—*The Guard off his guard*.—Pleasant your Vurship, said a neat little figure of a woman, with rather an agreeable countenance, although her left eye looked in a different direction from her right. 'I wishes to have a summons against my husband.'

'What for, my good woman, enquired the Magistrate.

Vy, please your Vurship, I thinks he's no good.

Well, what has he done?

Vy, please your Vurship, I think he has anolaf vich beside me.

Aye, that, indeed, is a bad business.

It is, your Vurship, and vot no honest woman vill put up vith.

What is your husband?

He's a guard of a coach, please your Vurship, and I'm a thinking he's a *blackguard* to me, too.

Then he's not at home every night, I presume?

No, please your Vurship, he's only at home two nights a week, please your Vurship; and he sleeps two other nights on the road, please your Vurship.

And I thinks he has another vife where he sleeps, please your Vurship; vich many of these guards have, please your Vurship, though their vives don't know of it.

I'm afraid they are a sad set of fellows in this way.

That's vot I say, your Vurship.

But what evidence have you of your husband's misconduct?

Quite enough, your Vurship, to satisfy any reasonable woman.

Well, let me hear if it will satisfy me.

You shall, your Vurship. You must know, in the first place, he han't been so attentive to me as he used to be; for, instead of stopping at home when he comes in with the coach, he goes up and dresses himself, and puts on his best boots and things, and then goes off to a public-house with some of his rantipole companions, and I don't see him till twelve or one o'clock; and then he's off at five in the morning, vich you know, your Vurship, is not doing the thing that's right.

Why, not exactly; but is this all?

No, your Vurship, I've something vorse. You must know, your Vurship, that the vatchman has orders to call him at half-past four, so that he needs not be afraid of over-sleeping himself, your Vurship.

but for several mornings of late he woke up of himself, and then he says to me, says he, 'Betsey, is it time to be stirring?' Now, please your Vurship, my name's not Betsey, but Mary, and he knows it well; and I says, 'Vot do you call me Betsey for?' and then he says, 'It's a mistake;' but, bless your Vurship, I'm quite sartin it's no 'mistake' at all, and that he only thinks he's speaking to his t'other wife, and I told him so; but he only laughs, and says, 'It's my fun.' Now, your Vurship, it's no fun at all, and I hears that my suspicions are quite correct, for that he has another wife elsewhere; and this blessed morning, your Vurship, he says the same thing, and tells me to get his watch to look at, though he knows he has no watch in my room, nor never had, as he leaves it at the office to be reggulated; and so I'm sure he must have a watch with his other wife, your Vurship.

And is that all the proof you have against him? All, your Vurship! and enough too, I think. Suppose your wife should call you Bill in her sleep, when your name is Jenn, vat would you say?

Why, I should say she was dreaming, but I should not conclude she had another husband.

Aye, your Vurship—but if she said it often, you'd think there was some one of the name of Bill as she know'd.

That might be; but your foolish suspicions, which may be ill founded, are not sufficient for me to conclude that your husband has another wife; and, therefore, I cannot, without better evidence, grant you a summons.

Ah, just as I thought! You men always stick together; but I'll find him out, if I goes down on the sly, for I'm sure he has another wife, and her name is Betsey.

Well, if you can prove that, you shall have a summons, or even a warrant, but not till then.

And away bustled the little woman, quite determined on making a discovery. She did not state her husband's name, nor the coach on which he is stationed; but as, probably, many guards are liable to similar suspicions, it may be wise to take care, and not be 'off their guard' in future. They ought, too, to be more circumspect for other reasons, as little Mrs. Squint tauntingly exclaimed, as she quitted the office, 'I'll have him to know there's other *horns* besides them as he blows—the willam!'.

We are partly indebted for the following to the *Hajji Bada* of the celebrated Orientalist, Mr. Moirer; the remainder we have condensed from the writings of Eastern travellers, and have presented our readers with the whole as an illustration of FUNERAL CEREMONIES IN PERSIA.

Should the dying man sneeze once, it is considered a very bad omen, and no further medicine is given for two hours; at the expiration of that period it is again administered provided there is no further sneezing.

When life is actually extinct, cotton steeped in water is squeezed into his mouth, his feet carefully placed towards the *kelch*, (point of prayer), and the *mollah* or priest, at the bed-head, begins to read the Koran in a loud and sing-song emphasis. All the company then pronounce the *Kelmech Shohadet*, or profession of faith, a ceremony which is supposed to send him out of the world a pure and well-authenticated Mussulman; and during this interval a cup of water is placed upon his head.

All these preliminaries having been duly performed, the whole company of his friends and relations gather close round the corpse, and utter loud and doleful cries, which is a signal for the *mollahs*, who are upon the house-top, to begin their part of the ceremony, which consists in chanting in sonorous cadence, portions of the Koran, or verses used on such occasions, and which are intended as a public notification of the death of a true believer.

The noise of wailing and lamentation now becomes general, and is increased by the women of the house who are collected in a separate apartment, where they give vent to their grief in the most piercing cries, in which they are assisted by the professional mourners. The father or sons, as may be, rend their coats in evidence of their sorrow, but not unfrequently a seam is ripped which answers the same purpose without spoiling the garment. Till the ceremonies of burial are performed they also keep the head uncovered and the feet naked; while the widow or daughter conceals her hair, enveloping her head in a black shawl, making exclamations expressive of her anguish, and calling upon the name of her husband or father.

While this is carrying on inside, the neighbors and passers-by, known or unknown to the family, flock round the house for the purpose of either reading the Koran or hearing it read, which is esteemed a meritorious act on this occasion. Among these, many come in the character of comforters, who, by their knowledge of the forms of speech best adapted to give consolation, are looked upon as great acquisitions in the event of a mourning.

When the *murdehuns*, or washers of the dead,

(an occupation which is considered unclean) arrive with the bier, the corpse is brought out by the distant relations and layed therein, when, if the deceased be a person of rank, an *imreh* or canopy, adorned with black flags, shawls, and other stuffs, is placed over the bier, which is then carried to the place of ablution and delivered to the washers. The body is now washed with clear cold water, then rubbed over with lime, salt, and camphor, a ceremony which is denominated the *abderet*, or purification; it is then again consigned to the bier, and at length conveyed to the place of burial.

If the deceased was much respected, there is generally a contention for the privilege of assisting in bearing the bier; and even strangers feeling it a praiseworthy action to carry a good Mussulman to the grave, press forward to lend their shoulder to the burden, so that by the time the body has reached its last resting place, the crowd is very considerable.

The company having surrounded the grave, a *mollah* now recites a prayer, accompanied by the voices of all present; the nearest relative is then invited to place the body in the earth, which, having done, the ligatures of the winding sheet are untied, and another prayer called the *talkhi* is pronounced. The twelve *tuans* are then invoked, in rotation, and the *talkhi* being again read, the grave is covered in. The *Fateh* (first chapter of the Koran) is then repeated by all present, and the grave having been sprinkled over with water, the whole assembly disperse, to meet again at the house of the deceased; a priest only remaining at the head of the grave praying.

According to custom, the chief mourner gives an entertainment to all the friends who have attended the funeral; two rooms being prepared, one for the men, the other for the women. Three *mollahs* are also hired, (according to the means of the mourner), two of whom read the Koran in the men's apartment, and the other remains near the tomb for the same purpose, inhabiting a small tent which is pitched for his use.

The length of the mourning is determined by the means of the family, three, five, seven days, or even a month; during which each of the relations, who can afford it, give an entertainment. At the end of this period, some of the elders, both men and women, go round to the mourners, and sew up the rent garments; and on that day the principal mourner is again invited to give an entertainment, when separate sheets of the Koran are distributed throughout the whole assembly, and read by each individual, until the whole of the sacred volume has been completely gone through.

After this the widow or daughter, with several of her female friends, proceed in a body to the tomb of the deceased, taking with them sweetmeats, and bread baked for the purpose, which they distribute to the poor, having partaken thereof themselves. They then return weeping and bewailing. Two or three days having elapsed, the widow's friends lead her to the bath, where, having removed her mourning, they put on her a clean dress, and dye her hands and feet with *khenar*; she is then conducted back to the house, and this completes the ceremonies.

Funeral of Sir Walter Scott.—The remains of Sir Walter Scott have been consigned to the tomb, amid the unfeigned regret of thousands. We understand that cards had been issued to nearly 300 persons, who almost all attended the funeral. One o'clock was the hour fixed on for the time of meeting, and for about an hour afterwards carriages of different sorts, and gentlemen on horseback, continued to arrive from Edinburgh and other parts of the surrounding country. The company having partaken of refreshments, adjourned to the library, where they heard an eloquent and affecting prayer from Principal Baird; and a little after two o'clock the melancholy procession began to move from Abbotsford to Dryburgh Abbey. As the long funeral train passed through the villages and hamlets, one universal feeling of deep sorrow pervaded all classes. Groups of people were assembled at different parts of the road, and on elevated points from which a view could be obtained. Most of them were in mourning, and many standing uncovered. The streets at Melrose were lined on both sides with the inhabitants in mourning, and uncovered. The shops of this and other towns were shut, and the signboards were covered with black.

Before the body was committed to the earth, the English burial service was read by the Rev. J. Williams, rector of the Edinburgh Academy. A little before five in the afternoon, the last offices were performed.

The spot in which Sir W. Scott is laid, is the north wing of the splendid ruin of Dryburgh Abbey, now alas! containing a more splendid ruin than itself. Here is laid the body of Lady Scott, and also that of his uncle. The situation is secluded, romantic, and quite congenial to all the ideas of the deceased.

"The Cold Water Man."—A pocket companion for the Temperate, by Dr. Springwater, of N. America. A book under this title has been published in Albany, containing a valuable collection of facts, reflections, remarks, arguments, advice, &c. in favour of Temperance. As another production of the benevolent and indefatigable promoters of Temperance in that city,

we regard it with respect, recommend it with pleasure, and sincerely wish it success.—*Daily Adc.*

LONDON LYRICS.

The Auctioneer's Ode to Mercury.

Hermes, god of cheats and chatter,
Wave thy smooth caduceus here—
Now that, pulpit-propp'd, I flatter;
Hermes, god of cheats and chatter,
Smile, oh smile on Mr. Smatter,
Aid an humble Auctioneer!
Wave thy smooth caduceus here,
O'er an humble Auctioneer!
With its virtues tip my hammer,
Model my Grammar,
Nor let me stammer.

First, here's the Sackbut's Song of Slaughter;
Verse and prose, the Laureate Otter,
Floats along, diluting song
In milk and water.
Next (who'll buy?) here's Love in Little,
Smooth as glass and eke as brittle;
Here are posies, lilies, roses,
Cupid's slumbers—out in numbers,
Pouting, fretting, fly-not-yet-ing,
Rosa's lip and Rosa's sigh—
For one pound six—who'll buy, who'll buy?
Here's Doctor Aikin, Sims on Baking,
Booth in Cato quoting Plato,
Jacob Tonson, Doctor Johnson,
Russia binding, touch and try—
Nothing bid—who'll buy, who'll buy?
Here's Mr. Hayley, Doctor Paley,
Arthur Murphy, Tommy Durley,
Mrs. Trimmer's little Primer,
Buckram binding, touch and try—
Nothing bid—who'll buy, who'll buy?
Here's Colley Cibber, Bruce the fibber,
Plays of Cherry, ditto Merry,
Tinkle, Mickle,
When I bow and when I wriggle,
With a simper and a giggle,
Ears regaling, bidders nailing,
Ladies utter in a flutter—
"Mister Smatter, how you chatter,
Dear, how clever! well I never
Heard so eloquent a man!"

Tropes parloining, graces coining,
Glibly I, without repentance,
Clip each sentence,
But, to give each lot its station,
Ere from pulpit I dismount
God of recapitulation,
Hermes, aid me while I count—
Aikin, Baking, Cato, Plato,
Cibber, Fibber—Cherry, Merry,
Hayley, Paley—Secker, Decker,
Tinkle, Mickle—Tonson, Johnson,
Literary Caliban.

Forty-seven! Oh, far too thrifty—
Thank'ee, Ma'am—two places—fifty!
Must it go? oh, surely no!
Only eye me, then deny me.
When I bow and when I wriggle,
With a simper and a giggle,
Ears regaling, bidders nailing,
Ladies utter in a flutter—
"Mister Smatter, how you chatter—
Dear, how clever! well I never
Heard so eloquent a man!"

Tongue of Mentor, lungs of Stentor,
Hermes, thou hast made mine own,
Cox and Robbins, own with sobbings,
I'm the winner: Dyke and Skinner
Never caught so glib a tone.
Dull and misty, Squibb and Christie,
When I mount look pale and wan—
Going, going, going—gone!

New Monthly Mag.

THE TAME SEAL.

One scarcely ever meets with a more touching story, in reference to the brute creation, than we now quote from a recent work entitled *Wild Sports of the West*—of Ireland.

"About forty years ago a young seal was taken in Clew Bay, and domesticated in the kitchen of a gentleman whose house was situated on the sea-shore. It grew apace, became familiar with the servants, and attached to the house and family; its habits were innocent and gentle, it played with the children, came at its master's call, and as the old man described him to me, was 'fond as a dog, and playful as a kitten.' Daily the seal went out to fish, and after providing for his own wants, frequently brought in a salmon or turbot to his master. His delight in summer was to bask in the sun, and in winter to lie before the fire, or, if permitted, creep into the large oven, which at that time formed the regular appendage of an Irish kitchen. For four years the seal had been thus domesticated, when, unfortunately, a disease, called in this country the *crippaw*—a kind of paralytic affection of the limbs, which generally ends fatally—at-

tacked some black cattle belonging to the master of the house; some died, others became infected, and the customary cure produced by changing them to drier pasture failed. A wise woman was consulted; and the hag assured the credulous owner, that the mortality among his cows was occasioned by his keeping an unclean beast about his habitation—the harmless and amusing seal. It must be made away with directly, or the *crippaw* would continue, and her charms be unequal to avert the malady. The superstitious wretch consented to the hag's proposal; the seal was put on board a boat, carried out beyond Clare Island, and there committed to the deep, to manage for himself as he best could. The boat returned, the family retired to rest; and next morning a servant awakened her master to tell him that the seal was quietly sleeping in the oven. The poor animal overnight came back to his beloved home, crept through an open window, and took possession of his favourite resting-place. Next morning another cow was reported to be unwell. The seal must now be finally removed; a Galway fishing boat was leaving Westport on her return home, and the master undertook to carry off the seal, and not put him overboard till he had gone leagues beyond Innis Bodlin. It was done—a day and night passed; the second evening closed—the servant was raking the fire for the night—something scratched gently at the door—it was of course the house-dog—she opened it, and in came the seal! Wearied with his long and unusual voyage, he testified delight to find himself at home, then stretching himself before the glowing embers of the hearth he fell into a deep sleep. The master of the house was immediately apprised of this unexpected and unwelcome visit. In the exigency, the bellman was awakened and consulted; she averred that it was always unlucky to kill a seal, but suggested that the animal should be deprived of sight, and a third time carried out to sea. To this hellish proposition the besotted wretch who owned the house consented, and the affectionate and confiding creature was cruelly robbed of sight, on that hearth for which he had resigned his native element! Next morning, writhing in agony, the mutilated seal was embarked, taken outside Clare Island, and for the last time committed to the waves. A week passed over, and things became worse instead of better; the cattle of the fraudulent wretch died fast, and the infernal hag gave him the pleasurable tidings that her arts were useless, and that the destructive visitation upon his cattle exceeded her skill and cure. On the eighth night after the seal had been devoted to the Atlantic, it blew tremendously. In the pauses of the storm a wailing noise at times was faintly heard at the door; the servants, who slept in the kitchen, concluded that the *banchee* came to forewarn them of an approaching death, and buried their heads in the bed coverings. When morning broke, the door was opened; the seal was there lying dead upon the threshold! 'Step, Julius!' I exclaimed, 'give me a moment's time to cure all concerned in this barbarism!' 'Be patient, Frank,' said my cousin, 'the finale will probably save you that trouble.' The skeleton of the once plump animal—for, poor beast, it perished from hunger, being incapacitated from blindness to procure its customary food—was buried in a sand-hill, and from that moment misfortunes followed the abettors and perpetrators of this inhuman deed. The detestable hag, who had denounced the inoffensive seal, was, within a twelvemonth, hanged for murdering the illegitimate offspring of her own daughter. Every thing about this devoted house melted away—sheep rotted, cattle died, and blighted was the corn. Of several children, none reached maturity, and the savage proprietor survived every thing he loved or cared for. He died blind and miserable. There is not a stone of that accursed building standing upon another. The property has passed to a family of a different name; and the series of incessant calamity which pursued all concerned in this cruel deed is as romantic as true."

Mustachios.—The Secretary of the War Department at Madrid transmitted, a few weeks ago, a circular to the several Captains-General throughout Spain, calling upon them to enforce the following piece of curiosity respecting the embellishment of the upper lip. The first and second clauses of the circular prohibit the wearing of mustachios by any persons, save the military on service; and with respect even to these, they are liable to lose their commissions if they appear abroad in plain dress, wearing a *mustachio*. Every civilian, who shall presume to wear the same, and if he be of noble blood, is to be endangered in a fortress for six months, or to pay a fine of fifty pounds; but if the luckless offender be a plebeian, he is to expiate his crime—by six months' hard labour in a House of Correction, besides dragging a chain at his heels, &c.

Church Establishment.—The Spanish church rejoices in 58 archbishops, 684 bishops, 11,400 abbots, 936 chapters, 127,000 parishes, 7,000 hospitals, 23,000 fraternities, 46,000 monasteries, 155,000 convents, 312,000 secular priests, 200,000 inferior clergy, 400,000 monks and nuns.—*Edin. Rec.*

The Press.—An association is forming in Paris to defend the Press. Its objects are—1. To endeavor to obtain the repeal of all taxes which are paid by newspapers. 2. To repeal laws which impede the appearance of journals. 3. To defend the newspapers attacked. 4. To pay the fines, when fined unjustly. And 5. To support the members of the press who may become poor, by pensions and other allowances.—*Eng. gaz.*

THE BATTLE FIELD.

The last pale gleam of day
Had passed from earth away,
And waned beyond the mountains and the flood—
Where o'er the field of fight,
Fast fading into night,
The sun that rose in beauty, set in blood.

From morn to eve had played
The ruthless cannonade—
And now the battle field was lost and won,
Though still amid the gloom,
Came back with hollow boom,
The rolling thunder of the "rattle gun."

Then mid the dim night-fall,
The bugles rung recall,
Deemed by the vengeful veterans all too soon—
Who saw the foe retire,
Beneath the parting fire,
Of sudden voices pealing by platoon.

The moon rose round and red
Above the plundered dead,
That in their gory wounds all shrouded there,
Were suddenly seen to lie,
With faces to the sky,
All wan and ghastly, glimmering in her glare.

And winds were howled then
With noises of dying men,
Mingled with wild, hoarse voices from afar,
Upon the ear that fell,
Like chorus song from Hell—
Curses, and shrieks, and laughter—such a wail!

—Satan's page.

MADAME RECAMIER AND MADAME DE STAEL.

The sketches we now present of these eminent ladies, and those with whom they were connected, are from the pen of the celebrated M. Benj. Constant, and appear in the 7th volume of *Le Livre des Cent-Vingt*.

"Among the distinguished females of our own times, whom a beautiful person, the charms of superior intellect, and a noble disposition, have rendered celebrated, there is one whom I will describe. Her beauty first excited admiration, her mind afterwards became known, and appeared still more admirable than her beauty. Her intercourse with society afforded her intellect the means of development, and her wit was inferior neither to her mind nor to her beauty.

She was scarcely turned thirteen when she married a man who, being exclusively devoted to immense banking operations, was unable to guide her extreme youth; and she was almost wholly abandoned to her own impulses, in a country then little better than chaos.

All grades of society were mingled together—all ranks and conditions confounded. The old families were destroyed; the newly-acquired fortunes were precarious. The laws which had governed the past were annihilated—those which were to govern the present, had no connexion with previously acquired habits. Opinion, which supplies the place of laws, had nothing established to rest on; no individual believed in himself or in others; and persons of the higher ranks of society escaped persecution only by losing themselves in the crowd of upstarts, like a drop of water mingling with the ocean. The latter, who felt that all which had preceded was in opposition to them, mistook for so many enemies, religion, morals, recollections, and even the decencies of life. Morals no longer commanded esteem, and power was divorced from respect.

Many females of this period have filled Europe with their divers claims to celebrity. Most have paid the tribute to the age in which they lived—some by the violation of female delicacy and decorum, others by a culpable condescension towards succeeding tyrannies.

She whose portrait I am sketching, was able to escape from the contagion of an atmosphere which blighted those whom it failed to corrupt. Her extreme youth was her first safeguard; so beautifully had the Creator of this perfect being turned to her profit even that which might be supposed most disadvantageous to her. Secluded from the world, and surrounded in her solitude by young friends of her own sex, she entered with them into the most infantine games. Her eyes, destined at a later period, to penetrate the very soul of all who encountered their glances, sparkled then with lively and childish gaiety. Her hair, which could not afterwards escape from the restraint imposed upon it, without filling the beholder with emotion, then hung, without danger to any one, in clustered ringlets upon her white shoulders. A lengthened burst of laughter then often interrupted her girlish conversation. But she already displayed those acute and rapid powers of observation which instantly seize upon the ridiculous; that amiable mischievousness which seeks for amusement without hurting the feelings of any one; and above all, that innate feeling of exquisite elegance, purity, and good taste, which constitutes true native nobleness, and stamps its imprint upon privileged beings.

Fashionable society at that period was too little in harmony with her mind for her not to prefer solitude. Thus she was never seen at any of those houses open to all comers, because private or select society was suspected; whither all classes crowded, because people could speak there and say nothing, or meet each other without committing themselves, and where vulgarity assumed the place of wit, licentiousness that of gaiety. She was never seen at that court of the Directory, where power was at the same time familiar and terrible, inspiring dread without escaping contempt.

Nevertheless, she sometimes emerged from her retirement to go to the theatre or enjoy a walk on one of the public promenades; and it truly may be said, that her appearances at any of these places, to which every one had access, although they were not frequent and

were always unexpected, passed for important events. The moment she came in sight, all other objects seemed forgotten, and each individual present crowded round her. The fortunate man who escorted her, had to surmount as an obstacle the very admiration she excited; and her progress was every moment impeded by the spectators. She enjoyed the effect thus produced by her charms with the gaiety of a child and the timidity of a bashful girl. But her mind wanted other food. An instinct for what is great and elevated made her love, by anticipation, and without knowing them, such men as had distinguished themselves by their genius and talents.

M. de la Harpe was one of the first to appreciate a woman destined, at no distant period, to group around her all the celebrated characters of the age. He had known her in her infancy, renewed acquaintance after marriage, and the conversation of this child of only fourteen, had a thousand charms for a man whose excessive self-love and constant intercourse with the greatest men in France, had rendered him very fastidious and difficult to please.

When in company with Madame Recamier, M. de la Harpe threw off most of those defects which rendered all intercourse with him so extremely disagreeable. He took delight in becoming her guide, and was lost in admiration of the facility with which her powers of mind supplied the place of experience, and enabled her to comprehend all that he revealed to her on men and society. This occurred at the period of La Harpe's conversion, which so many have termed hypocritical. I am one of those who give him full credit for sincerity. A sense of religion is a faculty inherent in man; and it is absurd to pretend that such faculty is the offspring of fraud and deceit. Nothing can enter the human mind but what nature has placed there. Persecution, and an abuse of power in favour of certain dogmas, may lead to self-illusion, and makes us detest that which we should most admire if left to our own unbiased feelings; but, as soon as external causes are removed, we follow the primitive bent of our minds. When there is no longer any courage in resisting, we have no motive of self-applause in our opposition. Now, the revolution having stripped infidelity of its only merit, they whom vanity alone had driven to become infidels, might return to religion with sincerity.

M. de la Harpe was of this number, and the hideous spectacle of misfortune by which he was surrounded, no doubt confirmed him in the propriety of his appeal to God, against the blind fury of his fellow men. But in his conversion, he carried with him that spirit of intolerance, that dogmatical temper, and bitterness of mind, which led him to imbibe new feelings of hatred without eradicating the old ones. All his religious aspirations, however, disappeared in his intercourse with Madame Recamier. She knew little of the past, which alone was a subject of embarrassment to M. de la Harpe; and she therefore gave him no uneasiness by adverting to facts, which others brought to his recollection either by insinuations or by a significant silence. With her, therefore, he was at his ease, and he felt greater pleasure in the confidence with which he had inspired her, because he was unable to obtain the same confidence from every body. Certain of her believing all he said, he did not experience in her company that irritability which goaded him elsewhere, because he always fancied himself suspected of hypocrisy.

It must not, however, be inferred, that what was ridiculous in M. de la Harpe's character, escaped the penetration of his lovely young friend; but she laughed at it in innocent gaiety, and not in mockery—she respected his age and his reputation. One of her distinctive qualities is to avoid, with a delicacy the more admirable, because it is scarcely to be perceived, all that can inflict pain. Her desire of avoiding to give uneasiness in her innocent jests is so well known, that nobody feels either humiliated or embarrassed at becoming the object of them. Each is pleased at seeing her in good spirits, and each is happy in being able to contribute to her amusement.

Some time after her acquaintance with M. de la Harpe, Madame Recamier contracted a close and lasting friendship with a woman much more celebrated than he ever was. I mean Madame de Staël.

M. Necker's name having been erased from the list of emigrants, that distinguished financier commissioned his daughter, Madame de Staël, to sell a house he possessed at Paris. M. Recamier became the purchaser, and this naturally gave his wife an opportunity of seeing Madame de Staël.

The sight of this celebrated female at first raised an excessive degree of timidity in Madame Recamier. Madame de Staël's countenance has been the subject of much discussion; but her noble look, sweet smile, habitual expression of benevolence—the absence of all affectation and ceremonious reserve—flattering expressions, and words of direct praise, which seem to escape in the enthusiasm of the moment—and the inexhaustible variety of her conversational powers, surprise, attract, and win the suffrages of all who approach her. I know of no woman, nor even man, so fully convinced of her immense superiority over every one she meets, and who makes it sit so lightly.

Nothing was more attractive than the conversation of Madame de Staël with her young friend. The rapidity with which the one expressed a thousand new ideas, and the facility with which the other seized and formed a judgment upon them—that masculine and powerful intellect which laid open every thing, and that delicate and acute mind which comprehended all that was said, formed a union of power and intelligence impossible to be described, except by those who have enjoyed the happiness of witnessing it.

Madame Recamier's friendship for Madame de Staël was fortified by a sentiment which both deeply felt, that of filial affection. Madame Recamier was tenderly attached to her mother, a woman of rare merit, whose health was then beginning to fail, and whose subsequent loss her daughter has never ceased to deplore. Madame de Staël, on the other hand, felt a devoted veneration for her father, which his death has only tended to increase. Always enthusiastic in her expressions, she became more so whenever she spoke of him. Her voice tremulous with emotion, her eyes filled with tears, and the sincerity of her enthusiasm, affected even those who did not share her opinion on her father's merits. Ridicule has often been thrown upon the praises she lavished upon him in her writings; but when she has been heard to speak upon this subject, it is impossible to make it a matter of jest, because nothing which is true in feeling can ever be ridiculous. Besides, M. Necker, although not a man of sufficient power to meet the difficulties of his situation, was in many points, deserving of his daughter's praise. Few men have been actuated by intentions so pure as his. Even his very pride preserved him from narrow or covetous personality. The self-respect by which he was governed, induced him to remain worthy of it in his own estimation. Himself, his wife, and his daughter, he considered beings of a privileged species, superior to the common herd of mankind; but it resulted from that feeling that he loved to act as agent in some of the dispensations of Providence, and that with a somewhat haughty demeanor he did a great deal of good. His intercourse with his daughter partook of the immense distance which he placed between the rest of the world, and all that emanated from himself. He enjoyed her wit, gracefulness and vivacity, and even her vengefulness, as supernatural qualities. He felt towards her the protecting love of a parent combined with the respectful adoration of an humble and unknown lover. Madame de Staël's self-love, often satisfied, but sometimes wounded in society, because society is always severe with those who stand out from it too much in relief, was never in danger from her father, whose exclusive affection approved of every thing she said or did, and whose partiality explained in her favour that of which people were surprised to see him unreservedly approve. Hence, that excessive affection for her father, whose indulgence appeared but justice, and whose suffrage was the best apology, and triumphantly answered all objections. When Madame de Staël spoke to Madame Recamier of her father, the latter admired in her the power and depth of the most respectable of feelings.

There is something noble in admiration, which creates an attachment to him who can feel it, almost as great as to him who is the object of it; and Madame de Staël's attachment to her father was, besides, mingled with a feeling of regret, which made it more amiable. She was often absent from this father, whom she almost idolized. Her education at Paris, in the drawing-room of her mother, who considered it the highest enjoyment—nay, one of the first of duties—to shine in conversation, had rendered this kind of success an habitual want, which tormented her in the retirement of a country life. She therefore left M. Necker in his solitude during a part of the year, to seek applause at Paris, and I must say the word, to court also persecution. But her delight at the admiration she excited, was mingled with a degree of remorse at not attending with sufficient assiduity to the comforts of her aged parent, who, desiring all that surrounded him, could derive entertainment from her alone; and this feeling of remorse imparted to all she said an expression of sensitive melancholy, the effect of which was felt without its cause being known.

M. DE TALLEYRAND.

Some notices and anecdotes of Prince Talleyrand, from the same authority, are also subjoined.

"That which determined M. de Talleyrand's vocation, was the deformity of his feet. His parents, finding him lame, decided that he should embrace the ecclesiastical state, and that his brother should become the chief of the family. Hurt, though resigned, M. de Talleyrand assumed the priestly garb as he would a suit of armour, and boldly entered upon his spiritual career, determined to make the most of his profession.

Until the breaking out of the revolution, he was known only as a man of wit and gallantry. On becoming a member of the Constituent Assembly, he immediately joined the minority of the nobles, and took his station between Sicyes and Mirabeau. He was then perhaps sincere, for every man is sincere at some period of his life. Besides, in those days, there was a perfect concordance between opinion and interest.

To shine in the assembly, it was necessary to work hard. Now, M. de Talleyrand was most deplorably idle; but he possessed a certain lovely talent of making others work.

When I saw him on his return from America, he was without fortune, was an object of suspicion to the government, and halted through the streets as he went to pay his court from one drawing-room to another. Yet, at this period, he had every morning upwards of forty persons waiting in his ante-chamber, and his levee resembled that of a prince.

He joined in the revolution merely from interested motives, and was not a little surprised when he found that the consequences of the revolution led to his proscription, and forced him to fly from France. From the deck of the vessel which carried him to England, he looked at the coast he had just quitted, and exclaimed, 'I will never again be caught making a revolution for the benefit of others.' And he has kept his word. Unjustly driven from England, he took refuge in

America, where he spent three years of ennui. His companion in exile and misfortune, was the Marquis de Blacous, also a member of the Constituent Assembly,—a man of talent, but a determined gambler, who committed suicide on his return to Paris, because he was sick of his life and of his creditors. M. de Talleyrand went through all the American towns leaning upon the arm of his friend, because he was unable to walk alone.

When he afterwards became a minister of state, M. de Blacous, who had returned to France on his invitation, applied to him for a place worth six hundred francs a year. But he gave no answer to this application, and refused even to see Blacous, who then shot himself. One of their mutual friends, much moved at this catastrophe, bitterly reproached M. de Talleyrand, and said to him, 'You are the cause of Blacous' death.' M. de Talleyrand listened quietly to these reproaches, as he leaned against a mantel piece, and then replied with a yawn, 'Poor Blacous!'

Whilst in America, having received the news of Madame de Staël's return to France, he begged his friends to urge her to pave the way for his recall from exile. To induce her to do so, was no difficult matter, for Madame de Staël is, of all women, the one who most delights in rendering kind services. She thinks that an act of kindness cannot be refused—as if there were anything in the world that could not be refused. She exerted herself in M. de Talleyrand's cause with the most admirable zeal, and, thanks to her, Chenier represented him to the Convention as one of the purest of republicans, and the sworn foe of monarchy at all times. The Convention, which, at this period, voted, in its fits of enthusiasm, equally the proscription of its members and the recall of its enemies, decreed the recall of M. de Talleyrand.

On his return, he aimed at getting into the ministry, and was again successful through the influence of Madame de Staël.

OUR VILLAGE.

By Miss Mitford. Vol. 5.

We are not sorry that the present volume of 'Our Village' brings the work to its final close; for though it is scarcely possible to have 'too much' of a delightful thing, it is not difficult to have enough; and 'enough' is as good as a feast; in this case it is a feast—as pleasant and as wholesome, as ever was set out by any 'neat-handed Phyllis,' or partaken of by the intellectual appetites of her guests. It is unnecessary to describe the character of Miss Mitford's prettiest and most enduring work—(for the latter her 'Village' will be,—her 'Julian,' 'Foscari,' 'Rienzi,' &c., notwithstanding. We need only say that the present volume preserves that character with sufficient exactness—in spirit and talent at least, if not exactly in the nature of its materials—which have evidently been gathered from sources extraneous to 'Our Village,' and in fact, 'Would smell as sweet by any other name.'

We shall not repeat what we have on former occasions said of this pleasant and attractive work, but give, instead, an extract from its pages,—than which nothing can be more picturesquely distinct in its physical delineation, or more true in its intellectual. The persons described are the two daughters of a wealthy country attorney,—one of whom is destined by her father for the wife of a wealthy and titled client, and the other for a cousin, to whom he intends to cede his lucrative profession: but the fates will have it otherwise.

"Dignity, a mild and gentle, but still a most striking dignity, was the prime characteristic of Agnes Molesworth, in look and in mind. Her beauty was the beauty of sculpture, as contradicting distinguished from that of painting; depending mainly on form and expression, and little on colour. There could hardly be a stronger contrast than existed between the marble purity of her finely-grained complexion, the softness of her deep grey eye, the calm composure of her exquisitely moulded features, and the rosy cheeks, the brilliant glances, and the playful animation of Jessy. In a word, Jessy was a pretty girl, and Agnes was a beautiful woman. Of these several facts both sisters were, of course, perfectly aware; Jessy, because every body told her so, and she must have been deaf to have escaped the knowledge; Agnes, from some process equally certain, but less direct; for few would have ventured to take the liberty of addressing a personal compliment to one evidently too proud to find pleasure in any thing so nearly resembling flattery as praise.

Few, excepting her looking-glass and her father, had ever told Agnes that she was handsome, and yet she was as conscious of her surpassing beauty as Jessy of her sparkling prettiness; and, perhaps, as a mere question of appearance and becomingness, there might have been as much coquetry in the severe simplicity of attire and of manner which distinguished one sister, as in the elaborate adornment and innocent showing off of the other. There was, however, between them exactly such a real and internal difference of taste and of character as the outward show served to indicate. Both were true, gentle, good, and kind; but the elder was as much loftier in mind as in stature, was full of high pursuit and noble purpose; had abandoned drawing, from feeling herself dissatisfied with her own performances, as compared with the works of real artists; reserved her musical talent entirely for her domestic circle, because she put too much of soul into that delicious art to make it a mere amusement; and was only saved from becoming a poetess, by her almost exclusive devotion to the very great in poetry—to Wordsworth, to Milton, and to Shakespeare. These tastes she very wisely kept to herself; but they gave a higher and firmer tone to her character and manners; and more than one peer, when seated at Mr.

Molesworth's hospitable table, has thought within himself how well his beautiful daughter would become a coronet.

Marriage, however, seemed little in her thoughts. Once or twice, indeed, her kind father had pressed on her the brilliant establishments that had offered,—but her sweet questions, 'Are you tired of me? Do you wish me away?' had always gone straight to his heart, and had put aside for the moment the ambition of his nature even for this his favourite child.

Of Jessy, with all her youthful attraction, he had always been less proud, perhaps less fond. Besides, her destiny he had long in his own mind considered as decided. Charles Woodford, a poor relation, brought up by his kindness, and recently returned into his family from a great office in London, was the person on whom he had long ago fixed for the husband of his youngest daughter, and for the immediate partner and eventual successor to his great and flourishing business—a choice that seemed fully justified by the excellent conduct and remarkable talents of his orphan cousin, and by the apparently good understanding and mutual affection that subsisted between the young people.

This arrangement was the more agreeable to him, as providing munificently for Jessy, it allowed him the privilege of making, as in lawyer-phrases he used to boast, 'an elder son' of Agnes, who would, by this marriage of her younger sister, become one of the richest heiresses of the county. He had even, in his own mind, elected her future spouse, in the person of a young baronet who had lately been much at the house and in favour of whose expected addresses (for the proposal had not yet been made—the gentleman had gone no farther than attentions) he had determined to exert the paternal authority which had so long lain dormant.

But in the affairs of love, as in all others, man is born to disappointment. *'Ichomme propose, et Dieu dispose,'* is never truer than in the great matter of matrimony. So found poor Mr. Molesworth, who—Jessy having arrived at the age of eighteen, and Charles at that of two-and-twenty,—offered his pretty daughter and the lucrative partnership, to his penniless relation, and was petrified with astonishment and indignation to find the connexion very respectfully but very firmly declined. The young man was much distressed and agitated; 'he had the highest respect for Miss Jessy; but he could not marry her—he loved another!' And then he poured forth a confidence as unexpected as it was undesired by his incensed patron, who left him in undiminished wrath and increased perplexity.

This interview had taken place immediately after breakfast; and when the conference was ended, the provoked father sought his daughters, who, happily unconscious of all that had occurred, were amusing themselves in their splendid conservatory—a scene always as becoming as it is agreeable to youth and beauty. Jessy was flitting about like a butterfly amongst the fragrant orange trees and the bright geraniums; Agnes standing under a superb fuchsia that hung over a large marble basin, her form and attitude, her white dress, and the classical arrangement of her dark hair, giving her the look of some nymph or naiad, a rare relic of Grecian art. Jessy was prattling gaily, as she wandered about, of a concert which they had attended the evening before at the county town.

'I hate concerts!' said the pretty little flirt. 'To sit bolt upright on a hard bench for four hours, between the same four people, without the possibility of moving, or of speaking to anybody, or of anybody's getting to us! Oh! how tiresome it is!'

'I saw Sir Edmund trying to slide through the crowd to reach you,' said Agnes, a little archly; 'his presence would, perhaps, have mitigated the evil. But the barricade was too complete; he was forced to retreat, without accomplishing his object.'

'Yes, I assure you, he thought it very tiresome; he told me so when we were coming out. And then the music!' pursued Jessy; 'the noise that they call music! Sir Edmund says that he likes no music except my guitar, or a flute on the water; and I like none except your playing on the organ, and singing Handel on a Sunday evening, or Charles Woodford's reading Milton and bits of Hamlet.'

'Do you call that music?' asked Agnes, laughing. 'And yet,' continued she, 'it is most truly so, with his rich Fausta-like voice, and his fine sense of sound; and to you, who do not greatly love poetry for its own sake, it is doubtless, a pleasure much resembling in kind that of hearing the most thrilling of melodies on the noblest of instruments. I myself have felt such a gratification in hearing that voice recite the verses of Homer or of Sophocles in the original Greek. Charles Woodford's reading is music.'

'It is a music which you are neither of you likely to hear again,' interrupted Mr. Molesworth, advancing suddenly towards them; 'for he has been ungrateful, and I have discarded him.'

Agnes stood as if petrified: 'Ungrateful! oh, father!'

'You can't have discarded him, to be sure, papa,' said Jessy, always good-natured; 'poor Charles! what can he have done?'

'Refused your hand, child,' cried the angry parent; 'refused to be my partner and son-in-law, and fallen in love with another lady! What have you to say for him now?'

'Why, really, papa,' replied Jessy, 'I'm much more obliged to him for refusing my hand than to you for offering it. I like Charles very well for a cousin, but I should not like such a husband at all; so that, if this refusal be the worst that has happened, there's no great harm done.' And off the gypsy ran, declaring that 'she must put on her habit, for she had promised

to ride with Sir Edmund and his sister, and expected them every minute.'

The father and his favourite daughter remained in the conservatory.

'That heart is untouched, however,' said Mr. Molesworth, looking after her with a smile.

'Untouched by Charles Woodford, undoubtedly,' replied Agnes, 'but has he really refused my sister?'

'Absolutely.'

'And does he love another?'

'He says so, and I believe him.'

'Is he loved again?'

'That he did not say.'

'Did he tell you the name of the lady?'

'Yes.'

'Do you know her?'

'Yes.'

'Is she worthy of him?'

'Most worthy.'

'Has he any hope of gaining her affections? Oh! he must! he must! What woman could refuse him?'

'He is determined not to try. The lady whom he loves is above him in every way; and much as he has counteracted my wishes, it is an honourable part of Charles Woodford's conduct, that he intends to leave his affection unsuspected by its object.'

Here ensued a short pause in the dialogue, during which Agnes appeared trying to occupy herself with collecting the blossoms of a Cape jessamine, and watering a favourite geranium; but it would not do; the subject was at her heart, and she could not force her mind to indifferent occupations. She returned to her father, who had been anxiously watching her motions, and the varying expression of her countenance, and resumed the conversation.

'Father! perhaps it is hardly maidenly to avow so much, but although you have never in set words told me your intentions, I have yet seen and known, I can hardly tell how, all that your too kind partiality towards me has designed for your children. You have mistaken me, dearest father, doubly mistaken me: first, in thinking me fit to fill a splendid place in society; next, in imagining that I desired such splendour. You meant to give Jessy and the lucrative partnership to Charles Woodford, and designed me and your large possessions for our wealthy and titled neighbour. And with some little change of persons these arrangements may still, for the most part, hold good. Sir Edmund may still be your son-in-law and your heir, for he loves Jessy, and Jessy loves him. Charles Woodford may still be your partner and your adopted son, for nothing has changed that need diminish your affections or his merit. Marry him to the woman he loves. She must be ambitious indeed, if she be not content with such a destiny. And let me live on with you, dear father, single and unwedded, with no thought but to contribute to your comfort, to cheer and brighten your declining years. Do not let your too great fondness for me stand in the way of their happiness! Make me not so odious to them and to myself, dear father! Let me live always with you, and for you—always your own poor Agnes!'

And, blushing at the earnestness with which she had spoken, she bent her head over the marble basin, whose water reflected the fair image, as if she had really been the Grecian statue, to which, whilst he listened, her fond father's fancy had compared her: 'Let me live singly with you, and marry Charles to the woman whom he loves.'

'Have you heard the name of the lady in question? Have you formed any guess who she may be?'

'Not the slightest. I imagined from what you said that she was a stranger to me. Have I ever seen her?'

'You may see her—at least you may see her reflection in the water at this very moment; for he has had the infinite presumption, the admirable good taste, to fall in love with his cousin Agnes!'

'Father!'

'And now, mine own sweetest! do you still wish to live single with me?'

'Oh, father! father!'

'Or do you desire that I should marry Charles to the woman of his heart?'

'Father! dear father!'

'Choose, my Agnes! It shall be as you command. Speak freely. Do not cling so around me, but speak!'

'Oh, my dear father! Cannot we all live together? I cannot leave you. But poor Charles—surely, father, we may all live together!'

And so it was settled; and a very few months proved that love had contrived better for Mr. Molesworth than he had done for himself. Jessy, with her prettiness, and her title, and her fopperies, was the very thing to be vain of—the very thing to visit for a day; but Agnes and the cousin, whose noble character and splendid talents so well deserved her, made the pride and the happiness of his home.

THE RAT-CATCHER.

The scenes and descriptions which follow, from the tale bearing this name, will exemplify the powers of the author where the subject seems one of little promise.

'Beautifully situated on a steep knoll, overhanging a sharp angle in the turnpike road, which leads through our village of Aberleigh, stands a fantastic rustic building, with a large yew-tree on one side, a superb weeping ash hanging over it on the other, a clump of elms forming a noble back-ground behind, and all the prettiness of porches garlanded with clematis, windows mantled with jessamine, and chimneys wreathed with luxuriant ivy, adding grace to the picture. To form a picture, most assuredly, it was originally built,—a point of view, as it is called, from Allonby Park, to

which the bye-road that winds round this inland cape, or headland, directly leads; and most probably it was also copied from some books of tasteful designs for lodges or ornamented cottages, since not only the building itself, but the winding path that leads up the acclivity, and the gate which gives entrance to the little garden, smack of the pencil and the graver.

For a picture certainly, and probably from a picture was that cottage erected, although its ostensible purpose was merely that of a receiving-house for letters and parcels for the Park; to which the present inhabitant, a jolly, bustling, managing dame, of great activity and enterprise in her own peculiar line, has added the profitable occupation of a thriving and well accustomed village-shop; contaminating the picturesque old-fashioned bay-window of the fancy letter-house, by the vulgarities of red herrings, tobacco, onions, and salt butter; a sight which must have made the projector of her elegant dwelling stare again,—and forcing her customers to climb up and down an ascent almost as steep as the roof of a house, whenever they wanted a penny-worth of needles, or a half-penny worth of snuff; a toil whereat some of our poor old dames groaned aloud. Sir Henry threatened to turn her out, and her customers threatened to turn her off; but neither of these events happened. Dinah Forde appeared her landlord and managed her customers; for Dinah Forde was a notable woman; and it is really surprising what great things, in a small way, your notable woman will compass.

[This notable dame numbered among her customers, the individual whose profession gives a name to the sketch; see with what truth and ease she handles his character.]

'Sam Page was, as I have said, an old acquaintance of our's, although neither a resident of Aberleigh, nor in his capacity of rat-catcher, both of which were recent assumptions. It was, indeed, a novelty to see Sam Page as a resident anywhere. His abode seemed to be the highway. One should as soon have expected to find a gipsy within stone walls, as soon have looked for a hare in her last year's form, or a bird in her old nest, as for Sam Page in the same place a month together; so completely did he belong to that order which the lawyers call vagrants, and the common people designate by the significant name of tramps; and so entirely of all rovers did he seem the most roving, of all wanderers the most unsettled. The winds, the clouds, even our English weather, were but a type of his mutability.

Our acquaintance with him had commenced above twenty years ago, when, a lad of some fifteen or thereabout, he carried muffins and cakes about the country. The whole house was caught by his intelligence and animation, his light active figure, his keen grey eye, and the singular mixture of shrewdness and good humour in his sharp but pleasant features. Nobody's muffins could go down but Sam Page's. We turned off our old stupid deaf cakeman, Simon Brown, and appointed Sam on the instant. (N.B. This happened at the period of a general election, and Sam wore the right colour, and Simon the wrong.) Three times a week he was to call. Faithless wretch!—he never called again! He took to selling election ballads, and carrying about hand-bills. We waited for him a fortnight, went muffinless for fourteen days, and then our candidate being fairly elected, and blue and yellow returned to their original non-importance, were fain to put up once more with poor old deaf Simon Brown.

Sam's next appearance was in the character of a letter-boy, when he and a donkey set up a most spirited opposition to Thomas Hearne and the post-cart. Everybody was dissatisfied with Thomas Hearne, who had committed more sins than I can remember, of forgetfulness, irregularity, and all manner of postman-like faults; and Sam, when applying for employers, made a most successful canvass, and for a week performed miracles of punctuality. At the end of that time he began to commit, with far greater vigour than his predecessor, Thomas Hearne, the several sins for which that worthy had been discarded. On Tuesday he forgot to call for the bag in the evening; on Wednesday he omitted to bring it in the morning; on Thursday he never made his appearance at all; on Friday his employers gave him warning; and on Saturday they turned him off. So ended this hopeful experiment.

Still, however, he continued to travel the country in various capacities. First, he carried a tray of casts; then a basket of Staffordshire ware; then he cried cherries; then he joined a troop of riddle men, and came about redder than a red Indian; then he sported a barrel organ, a piece of mechanism of no small pretensions, having two sets of puppets on the top, one of girls waltzing, the other of soldiers at drill; then he drove a knife-grinder's wheel; then he led a bear and a very accomplished monkey; then he escorted a celebrated company of dancing dogs; and then, for a considerable time, during which he took a trip to India and back, we lost sight of him.

He reappeared, however, at B. Fair, where one year he was showman to the Living Skeleton, and the next a performer in the tragedy of the Edinburgh Murders, as exhibited every half hour at the price of a penny to each person. Sam showed so much talent for melodrama, that we fully expected to find him following his new profession, which offered all the advantage of the change of place and of character which his habits required; and on his being again, for several months, an absentee, had little doubt but he had been promoted from a booth to a barn, and even looked for his name among a party of five strollers, three men and two women, who acted play-bills at Aberleigh, and performed tragedy, comedy, opera, farce, and pan-

tomime, with all the degrees and compounds thereof described by Polonius, in the great room at the Rose, divided for the occasion into a row of chairs called the Boxes, at a shilling per seat, and two of benches called the Pit, at sixpence. I even suspected that a Mr. Theodore Fitzbough, the genius of the company, might be Sam Page fresh christened. But I was mistaken. Sam, when I saw him again, and mentioned my suspicion, pleaded guilty to a turn for the drama; he confessed that he liked acting of all things, especially tragedy, 'it was such fun.' But there was a small obstacle to his pursuit of the more regular branches of the histrionic art—the written drama; our poor friend could not read. To use his own words, 'he was no scholar;' and on recollecting certain small aberrations which had occurred during the three days that he carried the letter-bag, and professed to transact errands, such as the mis-delivery of notes, and the non-performance of written commissions, we were fain to conclude that, instead of having, as he expressed it, 'somehow or other got rid of his learning,' learning was a blessing which Sam never possessed, and that a great luminary was lost to the stage simply from the accident of not knowing his alphabet.'

[The denouement is excellent; the men of Hinton had challenged those of Aberleigh to a cricket-match, and the Rat-catcher and the Lord of the Manor are represented discussing the matter on the previous evening.]

'Well, Sam, we are to win this match.'

'I hope so, please your honour. But I'm sorry to say I shan't be at the winning of it.'

'Not here, Sam. What, after rattling the stumps about so gloriously last time, won't you stay to finish them now? Only think how those Hinton fellows will crow! You must stay over Wednesday.'

'I can't your honour. 'Tis not my fault. But here I've had a lawyer's letter on the part of Mrs. Forde, about the trifle of rent, and a bill that I owe her; and if I'm not off to night, Heaven knows what she will do with me!'

'The rent—that can't be much. Let's see if we can't manage—'

'Aye, but there's a longish bill, sir,' interrupted Sam. 'Consider, we are seven in family.'

'Seven? interrupted in his turn, the other inter-locutor.

'Aye, sir, counting the dogs and the ferrets, poor beasts! for I suppose she has not charged for the jay's board, though 'twas that unlucky bird made the mis-chievous!'

'The jay! What could he have to do with the matter? Dinah used to be as fond of him as if he had been her own child! and I always thought Dinah Forde a good-natured woman.'

'So she is, in the main, your honour,' replied Sam, twirling his hat, and looking half shy and half sly, at once knowing and ashamed. 'So she is, in the main; but this, somehow, is a particular sort of an affair. You must know, sir,' continued Sam, gathering courage as he went on, 'that at first the widow and I were very good friends, and several of these articles which are charged in the bill, such as milk for the ferrets, and tea and lump-sugar, and young onions for myself, I verily thought were meant as presents; and so I do believe at the time she did mean them. But, however, Jenny Dobbs, the nursery-maid at the park, (a pretty black-eyed lass—perhaps your honour may have noticed her walking with the children,) she used to come out of an evening like to see us play cricket, and then she praised my bowling; and then I talked to her, and so at last we began to keep company; and the jay, owing I suppose, to hearing me say so sometimes, began to cry out, "Pretty Jenny Dobbs!"'

'Well, and this affronted the widow?'

'Fast all count, your honour. You never saw a woman in such a tantrum. She declared I had taught the bird to insult her, and posted off to Lawyer Latitat. And here I have got this letter threatening to turn me out, and put me in gaol, and what not, from the lawyer; and Jenny, a false-hearted jade, finding how badly matters are going with me, turns round and says, that she never meant to have me, and is going to marry the French Mounseer, (Sir Henry's French valet,) a foreigner and a papist, who may have a dozen wives before for any thing she can tell. These women are enough to drive a man out of his senses! And poor Sam gave his hat a mighty swing, and looked likely to cry from a mixture of grief, anger, and vexation. 'These women are enough to drive a mad man!' reiterated Sam, with increased energy.

'So they are, Sam,' replied his host, administering a very efficient dose of consolation, in the shape of a large glass of Cognac brandy; which, in spite of its coming from his rival's country, Sam swallowed with hearty good will. 'So they are. But Jenny's not worth fretting about; she's a poor feckless thing after all, fitter for a Frenchman than an Englishman. If I were you, I would make up to the widow; she's a person of property, and a fine comely woman into the bargain. Make up to the widow, Sam; and drink another glass of brandy to your success!'

'Law. Accidents in Navigation.—The case of the proprietors of the steamboat Washington against the owners of the Chaucer Livingston, for the destruction of the former by collision on the Sound, in May, 1831, was decided by the Superior Court in this city, a few days since, by a verdict in favour of the plaintiffs—damages \$30,000, half the estimated value of the property destroyed.'

'Longevity.—Died lately at his residence in Columbia county, Ga. Capt. Thomas Cobb, at the advanced age of one hundred and ten years. He was a native of Buckingham County, Virginia.'

93 Gold-street. He invites those persons having private libraries to give him a call; and also those who may wish to have the *The Atlas*, *The Constellation*, and *Music* neatly bound, as he purposes to pay particular attention to such customers. Books bound and repaired in all the various styles of binding, at short notice, and on reasonable terms. Orders left at the Bindery will be punctually attended to. [Sept. 15-1.] J. ARTHUR.